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WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Better than All.

BY MATILDA.

Ah, wealth hath its gladness,
Its beauty and light,
And fame hath its moments
Of gushing delight;
But riches may vanish
And glory may fall,
Yet hearts that are faithful
Are better than all.

There are sweet words of kindness
To give to the proud,
And the great and the gifted
Are praised by the crowd;
But often they long
To escape from the thrall
And hide in the hearts
That are dearer than all.

Oh, restless and weary ones,
Longing for fame,
Your toils and your labors
But end in a name;
Like dust from your forehead
Its bright blossoms fall;
Ah, love and affection
Are better than all.

Grape Hill, Va.

Our Historical Gallery.

(THE LIFE OF GREENE.)—It will require about five more weeks to complete the life of Gen. Greene, now being published in the Times; but as we left him last week, with the promise or remark, that his next field of action would be in the South, we have concluded to take advantage of the time necessary to his transfer from the North to the South, and present the following admirably written and highly interesting sketch by Mr. McRee, [author of "Life and Correspondence of Judge Iredell.] Next week we will be with the great Quaker general again, and see how skilfully he operates in his new field.—*Eds. Times.*]

Lieut. Wm. Henry Wright

OF THE

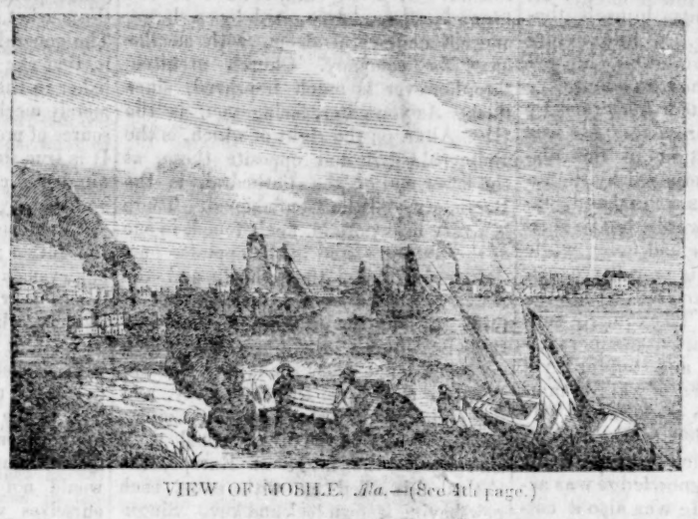
United States Engineers.

BY GRIFFITH J. McREE.

IN this tribute of respect to the memory of a young man of transcendent merit in a moral point of view—supereminent in this respect, though richly endowed with talents—I have thought a slight notice of his immediate progenitors would not be out of place, because of distinguished worth in themselves; and further, because I believe that in the rise, culmination and decay of families, there is a philosophy teaching by example, pregnant with instruction. The history of nations is a grander and more dignified subject; but as a consequence of its finite character, the human mind can better appreciate the causes that raise, or depress families than those that determine the fate of nations, the latter being so complex and multifarious.

First, by contests, ever renewed with the hardships of life, and the stern necessities of poverty, the nerves indurate into wires that, though they fail not to transmit the electric fluid of the brain, are yet comparatively insensible to external agencies. By constant exertion the strength of the body is developed, and corroborated, while the activity of the mind is kept in play. The man becomes an athlete, fitted for any struggle. Wealth rewards his toil; its power, duplicated by his own, procures him distinction and social rank. His family share his prosperity, and accompany his elevation. The second generation, instructed and refined, may achieve the highest point of family grandeur. Ah! if the family could but hold this point! Its excellence may be well measured by the tenacity with which it clings to its eminence, the vigor with which it maintains its ground. But luxury, too often, emasculates; and sometimes, even in the third generation, the man becomes that eunuch among the bold, the strong, the successful, the "broken-down gentleman," who can never be a man again until time offers to his vain regrets its lethean cup. This is unfortunate for families; but, in the United States, not to be regretted. Republicanism is enriched and sustained by their dissolution and decay, as the valley by the disintegration of the cliffs that overshadow it. Joshua Grainger Wright, the grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was born in the town of Wilmington, N. C., in the year 1768. That early part of life, his boyhood, was wasted in the agitations of a revolution, during which there was not in North Carolina either seminaries of learning or private teachers. He was initiated into the rudiments of knowledge at the domestic hearth; and his subsequent instruction was circumscribed by the compting-house, in which he became versed in accounts and book-keeping. Attracted from this situation by the persuasion of a friend, and introduced by his influence into the office of a lawyer, whose library was a large, and various collection, his mind underwent a rapid development. He availed himself fully of the opportunity afforded him; gave his leisure hours assiduously to the cultivation of literature; embellished his general knowledge with these miscellaneous graces, which infuse animation into colloquial intercourse, and recommend their possessor to individual friendship and popular esteem.

Mr. Wright soon procured a remunerative practice, after his admission to the Bar. In the year 1790 he was married to Miss Susan Bradly of Wilmington. He was elected by the Town a member of the Legislature, in 1792, and was so honored at each subsequent election until 1808. The Assembly then met annually. That Mr. Wright held no ordinary position in that body as a member and gentleman, his elevation, more than once to the post of Speaker of the House, strongly attests. He was elected a Judge of the Superior Court in 1808, and about the same time, appointed by the stockholders President of the Bank of Cape Fear, then as now one of the two leading Banks of the State. "A sound judgment was his striking characteristic; and a prompt versatility, alike remote from bustle, and from ostentation, the peculiar quality of his mind. This versatility was conspicuous in all sorts of business, and in everything he undertook. He could turn from the objects of taste, to the most irksome details, without visible effort or apparent repugnance. And he always despatched the latter, with neatness and rectitude, and yet without offensive particularity or fastidious precision. If any man could execute the duties of two offices, incompatible with one another, in their general scope, he possessed the intellectual suppleness, which was fitted for this double function. He executed the duties of President, in a manner satisfactory to those who were concerned in the institution. He advanced the interests of the Bank. His uncommon prudence and attention, and the advantage derived to the Bank from his counsel as a jurist, and from his high judicial station, more than counterbalanced any inconvenience or injury occasioned by his unavoidable absence. His exertions, together with the anxiety he suffered in these responsible stations if they did not induce disease, accelerated its progress."* During the time Judge Wright was on the Bench there was no Supreme Court, therefore there was no Judge higher in official rank than himself. The six judges of that day, when sitting together, being the court of final resort in cases of appeal. In hope of recovering from a long and painful illness, Judge Wright had embarked for St. Marys, Ga., in order to take passage thence to the Bahamas; but no opportunity being likely to offer, he returned as far as Charleston where he died, June, 1811. A very accomplished writer, in an obituary notice of the Judge, said * "He possessed a sound judgment and extensive law knowledge. To firmness and independence as a judge, he superadded in an eminent degree, that personal dignity so necessary to sustain the judicial character. His talents were fitted for service, not for parade; and his virtues owed nothing to a fictitious lustre. He could not be considered as a party man; but his political opinions were formed at an early age with that matured reflection, which marked every important act of his life. These opinions, founded on the systems of Washington and Hamilton, he maintained when necessary, with a mild and modest, but an inflexible temper. His wife and eight children survived him. Charles J., Anna, Thomas H., Lucy, William A., John L., Joshua Grainger and Caroline."



VIEW OF MOBILE, *Ala.*—(See 4th page.)

Charles J. Wright was born, March 25th, 1792. In boyhood he was a madcap fellow remarkable for a riotous exuberance of animal spirits; a fondness for every mode of frolic and fun; a propensity for the practical joke. His pranks were so devoid of malice, and so characterized by unfailing good humor that they were generally pardoned.

On one occasion, dressed in rags, he boldly entered his father's house; and so winning was his manner, so piteous his tale, that he levied heavy contributions on the charity of the family. The money, of course, was spent in the way usual among Wilmington boys—in ginger cakes and spruce beer, shared with comrades, who participated in his chuckle over the success of his trick. The "ruse" was not even suspected until disclosed by himself. He graduated at the University of N. Carolina in 1812; and immediately began a course of study for the legal profession. At this period he was remarkable for quickness of apprehension; accompanied by that vivacity and impatience of restraint, that rarely, if ever, coexist with tenacity of purpose, or power of application. The young men of the town, formed into a Thalian Association, often amused the community by volunteer performances. This body embraced the choicest spirits of the place. The Rev. Wm. M. Green, the present Bishop of Mississippi, personated most successfully female characters. The late Col. John D. Jones was no mean tragedian. I have heard him myself, with infinite pleasure, declaim in his latter days the finest passages from the tragic writers, with great precision and effect. Mr. Joseph A. Hill, Gov. Dudley, James S. Green, Dr. Jas. F. McRee, Dr. John Hill and many others were members. Mr. Wright was also an associate. In a particular "role" he was thought by his cotemporaries equal to the best professional actors. He played Charles Surface and similar parts with admirable excellence. Charles Surface, then, I conceive, was rather a natural than foreign part. For in this case the delineation of Sheridan held the "mirror up to nature."

At the Bar, if he did not rank very high as a lawyer, it was because his habits forbade that intense study which can alone make a great lawyer. He was, however, regarded as a pleasant speaker; and an intelligent and trustworthy practitioner. It was in the drawing room that he shone with peculiar lustre. His fine address; the amenity of his manners; his familiarity with the usages of the most refined society; the sparkle of his wit—all conspired to give him prominence. In the year —— he was appointed President of the Wilmington Branch of the State Bank. Though by no means successful in the management of his own estate, for he received but to spend, he was, nevertheless, esteemed by business men, a very useful and sagacious officer. He was of a genial temperament, and convivial in his habits. By conviviality I do not mean the coarse debauchery of the oyster-house or tavern; but that social turn that seeks enjoyment in dinner parties, balls and deriving pleasure, not only from the dance or seasoned food or delicate wines, but also from intercourse with cultivated women; and men of wit and taste and scholarship, or distinguished for some peculiar and striking talent. He frequently gathered his friends around his hospitable board; and his entertainments were always of an elegant character. In the year —— he married Anna, the eldest daughter of the Hon. Wm. H. Hill. Her dowery was comparatively large. She was a pretty woman of elegant, delicate figure; and was remarkable for her unfaltering piety. Her qualities were exactly of the right kind to modify the character of her husband—a check so gentle and so loved, that it could not be resisted. She bore him two children, and died, A. D.

While attending Duplin Court in the year 1821, Mr. Wright was attacked with a chill in the court-house. Prompted alike by his fear that his disease was yellow fever, and his desire to be near Dr. McRee, he immediately started in a carriage for Wilmington, accompanied by Mr. Wm. Mesely.† He could get no farther than South Washington. Dr. McRee, summoned by an express, was soon with him. Mr. Jos. A. Hill also promptly repaired to his bedside. His case was pronounced one of yellow fever. He sank rapidly, and died —day of ——. He was intered in the grave-yard of Mr. Voher. No stone marks the spot where lie the remains of one who was the very centre of the circle in which he lived; whose very smile was gladness; and whose life was full of flowers and music and sunshine.*

Of Judge Wright's children, four only are now alive. Mrs. Wooster, Dr. Thos. H. Wright, President of the Bank of Cape Fear, Wm. A. Wright and Joshua G. Wright. The two latter are members of the Bar. The gentlemen are urbane and well-educated. No family in the State can produce three better representatives of its refinement and cultivation. Mr. Charles Wright left two children, William Henry, the subject of this sketch, and Charles J. Wright. There was some struggle between the paternal and maternal relations for the custody of the boys. In this contest, that brilliant genius, the late Mr. Jos. A. Hill, made his "debut" at the Bar of New Hanover. Tho' opposed by Mr. (since Judge) Toomer, his speech possessed so much power, and eloquence and pathos that the Court was electrified; and he enjoyed what, probably, was to him the greatest triumph of his life. The mother of the young Wright, his eldest sister, had been to him as a mother. The small property that remained to the minor was the fragment of that sister's patrimony. At his instance the children were committed to the charge of Dr. Jas. F. McRee who had married one of their maternal aunts. Before treating of my subject, let me relate the sad fate of Charles. I would not strike a nerve once lacerated; I would not awaken, again, emotions of pain; I would not revive the anguish of that dark hour from mere wantonness; but, perhaps, the story may serve as a warning, and conduce to the safety of others. In his aunt's back-yard, there was a barrel filled with water, and sunken into the ground for the use of the poultry. Charles was a child in his nurse's arms—the nurse, a grown woman. She left him alone for a moment, as she doubtless intended; and went to the back-gate where she entered into a conversation with a negro in the alley, that was prolonged to the loss of her charge. The little fellow, amused by the play of Dame Partlet's brood, or in chase of the butterfly, crept to his doom. Did the reflected light of the sun attract him? or did the face of the angel boy he saw mirrored there, woo him to his death! God only knows! There he was found by his imprudent nurse. Hopes were entertained of his recovery though life seemed fled. All that science, and experience and skill could suggest were tried in vain. Life was indeed extinct. In these dead ashes there was not one spark that could be kindled into flame again by the breath of man, however, cunningly applied. Soon after this melancholy accident, Dr. McRee resigned the guardianship of William Henry, and Mr. John Wooster was appointed in his place. Mr. Wooster has ever been an accurate, methodical, business-man and had married William's paternal aunt Lucy. Mr. Wooster committed the boy's person and education to the care of the Rev. Dr. Adam Empie, of the Protestant Episcopal church, since President of William & Mary College, Va. The Doctor's wife was Anna, eldest daughter of Judge Wright.

As a schoolboy, William Henry studied hard, and carefully observed all the prescribed rules. He was always a favorite with his teacher. Now boys thus petted by the Master are not always esteemed by the young companions. Too many earn the distinction by servility, and by treason to friendship; and are regarded in the distrust and dislike by their schoolmaster. Such was not the case, however, of young Wright. He practised no unworthy arts. He was, with his playmates, the most popular boy in town. The very name by which he was known as "Edie bun," indicated the tenderness of their regard. He was always cheerful—always ready to please others, by a prompt compliance with their wishes, when to do so, was not forbidden by a sense of duty. Though thus amiable, he was not without proper spirit; and never yielded to threats of violence. When justly provoked, he was prompt to punish the aggressor. My estimable neighbor, Mr. Armand Young, who was at school with him, says his courage was indomitable. On one occasion he saw him thrash a much larger boy, Charles Demilly, the tyrant and bully of the town. The achievement won for him general applause.

Living under the roof of an eminent and cultivated divine, and educated beneath his eye Mr. Wright, who was

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* A. M. Hooper.

* Wm. S. Hasell.

† Since Governor of Florida.

*No reflection on the affection of the Wright family is intended. Years ago Dr. Thos. H. Wright had diligent search made for the grave that he might remove the remains to the family-vault. It was impossible to identify the spot.

well prepared, entered at an early period of the venerable college of William and Mary, Va., when he graduated with distinction. After obtaining his degree, he commenced the study of the Law under the instruction of his uncle, Joseph A. Hill, Esq. He was actuated by an ardent desire to master as soon as practicable the elementary treatises. I shall never forget his chagrin when on application to his uncle for directions he was advised to read first Shakespeare and Sir Walter Scott's novels. He was very young; and Mr. Hill, no doubt, designed some relaxation from severer studies; as well as to improve his style, and exalt and refine his imagination. His health was not good, and he soon was induced to abandon his choice of profession; and to apply for a Cadet's warrant, by the hope that his frail and delicate constitution might be invigorated by the active exercises of the Military Academy. He was a diligent student, and was transferred to the Army from the head of his class. After he left West Point, he was selected by Col. Thayer as his assistant in the construction of Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, and continued to act in that capacity up to the time of his death.

In the year 1840, Nov. 24th, he wedded Miss Eliza Ann London, the daughter of the late John R. London, President of the Bank of Cape Fear—a chivalrous, highly cultivated and polished gentleman. This lady was, and is as remarkable for intelligence as for beauty. Her great personal attractions survive her bereavement, though subdued by the sadness that broods over extinguished hopes; and remind us of flowers that bloom above the grave. Captivated by the fascination of the subject, I would gladly attempt the delineation of her excellence were it not that I shrink from violating the retirement made sacred by delicacy of feeling, and sensitive modesty. I knew her in early life, the charm of the social circle; disarming even envy by her unconsciousness of distinction, and lack of pretension. She had just a sufficient dash of coquetry. I do not mean the quality that seeks the gratification of vanity at the expense of suffering to others; but that modification of it, closely akin to charity, the desire to please, that rendered her amongst gentlemen the object of general admiration and grateful reminiscence. I pause—I see the dye upon her cheek deepening into the blush of shame—I feel the reproach—I forbear. In the year 1844, Lt. Wright published a "Treatise on Mortars—Boston—Ticknor & Co." The work was undertaken at the instance of the Chief of his Corps. It is a very accurate and scientific compendium, and is regarded by the profession as a valuable manual.

In Nov., 1845, Lt. Wright obtained a furlough for the purpose of visiting his family and relations at Wilmington. He was soon taken sick; and expired at the residence of Dr. Jas. McRee, where he had been removed that he might be near his physician, on Sunday 28th Dec., 1845, aged 31.

It was a sad and most unexpected blow. The various members of the little circle that were wont to gather at Christmas about the fireside of his home, had participated in his anticipations of joy, while their pulses had cheerily bounded in unison with his own. But, alas! eyes that were bright are now dimmed with tears; cheeks that were tinged with the glow of happiness and health are now pale and wan. A withering blight has fallen upon the flowers that blossomed, and the fruits that ripened in the garden of hope. Strange, mysterious dispensation! Yet what man may question the providence of that God "who hath stretched forth the heavens with his hand; who hath described with his finger the course of the stars?"

He was taken to Hillton that he might be laid in the vault by the side of his mother and brother. The funeral procession paused awhile at the house; and the body rested for a moment beneath its venerable roof. How memory revived the recollection of another, and festive hour! Then the old hall was decorated with flowers that yielded to the air a generous perfume: it was thronged with gallant gentlemen and elegant women; and was resonant of mirth and gladness. There stood the groom in the pride of his young manhood; and in all the bravery of military costume. By his side was his betrothed—delicate, pure and "beautiful exceedingly." There also was the Priest in his robes. I remembered how he joined the hands of these two together; and pronounced them man and wife; and the fervent aspirations that ascended to heaven with his prayer for its blessing; and how the future dawned upon the young couple with the freshness and glory of the morning. I remembered the table ladened with dainties; the bloom of the fruit; the sparkle of the wine; the jest and the repartee; the whisper that transferred to the maiden's cheek the glow of the grape; and the [illegible]s that closed the evening with the [illegible] their song. Now, how great
The walls were desolate
[illegible]ned a hollow echo
to the abated tread: the black veil hid the face convulsed with grief: the half-stifled sob smote the ear with its melancholy cadence. The sun, that struggled through the incrusted panes, fell upon the coffined soldier with a pale and sickly light.

Oh, life! Is this thy extinction? Is this the end of genius and virtue—to be so imprisoned, and then hid away from the sight forever? "Whosoever believeth shall live, though he die?" How the thought, with lightning-flash, illumes the gloom of the heart!

The feet of the departed still press the elevated path he trod in life: his eye is still fixed upon its glittering heights. Upward he mounts—higher and higher. At each new point of ascent he gains a wider view; a purer atmosphere; a more genial sunshine.

Lt. Wright possessed a vigorous intellect, and a clear and temperate judgment. He well knew the uses of life; and his aim was ever beyond self and beyond the present. He was animated by an ardent desire to advance the welfare and the glory of that country, whose badge he wore: and with this purpose ever in view, he labored with commendable industry, to qualify himself thoroughly for its service. While actuated by an honorable ambition, he believed that there was no true honor save in virtue, and illustrated his creed by his own conduct and practice. He was faultless and conscientious in the discharge of the duties imposed by the relations of life: he was a husband, father, kinsman, not in words, but in spirit and truth. Vices he had none, while the elevated tone of his morality exerted a genial influence over all within the sphere of its action. To exquisite sensibility of heart he united manners almost femininely soft and tender; yet was he never suspected of want of moral courage or decision of character. He was peculiarly qualified, by the character of his mind, for the mastery of the exact sciences. His knowledge was accurate and ready. He was also a correct and perspicuous writer. Unconscious of the worth that excited the admiration of his friends, he clad himself in the humble robes of the true christian, and died, as he had lived, in that blessed faith which he had embraced in health and strength.

Do I not seem, reader, to have drawn a fancy sketch? I have retraced my steps to verify my narrative. It was even as I have recorded. If he had faults, they were known only to his Maker. That none may suppose the picture too highly colored by the partiality of a kinsman, I extract from a letter from Gen. Jos. G. Totten, of the Engineers, in reply to one from Mr. P. R. Dickinson,* announcing the death of Lt. Wright.

"The great ability and distinguished attainments of this gentleman; his pure and noble character; his refined and agreeable manners, have secured for him the respect and regard of all his acquaintances, and especially of all his brother officers with whom he was from time to time associated by professional studies and engagements—by all these he will be mourned with a friendship deep and sincere. As an officer he was regarded with pride by all his brethren—as one already conferring reputation on his Corps, and promising to become one of the brightest lights and ornaments of the military profession. As a subordinate of this department, he was charged with multifarious and heavy responsibilities; and terms of the strongest eulogium, would alone justly express the sense entertained of the talents, industry and zeal with which he watched over, and secured the great interests committed to his hands."

Lt. Wright was of slender figure and average height. His hair was black. He had but little pretension to personal beauty, though his smile was pleasant, and his black eye possessed an extraordinary brilliancy.

Lt. Wright's widow and two children survive him: a daughter, called Anna after his mother: and an infant boy who bore his name. He remained upon earth but for a short period. When the Angel of Death visited the parent, the shadow of his wing had fallen upon the child. Had he accompanied the father, it would have been more than the gentle heart of his mother could have borne. He was spared, in mercy, for awhile, until she had recovered strength enough to sustain an additional blow. Then softly and gently, like the odor from some holy censer, his spirit exhaled to the skies.

*Mr. Dickinson married the eldest sister of Lieut. Wright, a lady of commanding physical and moral beauty.

The only way for a man to escape being found out is to pass for what he is. The only way to maintain a good character, is to deserve it. It is easier to correct our faults than to conceal them.

A NEW POST OFFICE has been established in Stanly county, N. C., by the name of "Leo;" and JOHN T. HOWELL, Esq., Postmaster.

Letters from Julia Southall.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

BALTIMORE, February 23, 1859.

On a tour—Rain, rain, rain—A walk in Baltimore and what I saw—Enthusiastic patriotism—How exemplified—Hail Columbia and Yankee Doodle—My number *one* and adieu.

Dear Times:—As I have been thinking, during the past two or three months, of making a tour, I set out, a week ago, like Dr. Syntax, in search of the picturesque. Whether I shall find it, is a question to be asked, but, as Byron, or Shakspeare says, not to be answered.

Well, here I am, in Baltimore. Dear me! how it rains! I did intend to take a walk, this morning, but the rain has put an end to that and I can't even spell the signs over the way. Baltimore is as yet an unknown land. I hav'nt seen anything but rain and wet weather, since—stop a bit. Yesterday *was* a pleasant day, and I improved it, by a walk about the city. Going up What-d'ye-call-it street, I chanced to spy the brown domes of the Cathedral, and directed my steps thither. This Cathedral is built in the form of a cross, surmounted by a large, and not ungraceful dome, with smaller ones, for company. Church architecture, however, is much improved, since then. As you enter, facing you, is the High Altar, on the right of which, is the Episcopal Chair, and opposite these, at the lower end of the Cathedral, is the Baptistery, and the Confessional. There is a very heavy organ, finely toned, in one of the transepts, and in the opposite one, sit the children of the school, and the Sisters, secluded from common observation. Besides the ordinary pictures in a Catholic Church, there are two, which are considered very fine; the *Descent from the Cross*, over the Baptistery, and the *Death of St. Louis*, over the Confessional. I should have remarked that, contrary to the usage of Europe, the Cathedral is filled up with pews, each pew having its own lock and key. Singular exclusion for Catholics. There is a statue or two, of ordinary merit; one a very fine design, imposing silence on all who enter the house of God.

Leaving the Cathedral, I walked up street. I may as well confess, I had become quite conscious of being unfashionable and countrified, from the numerous eye-glasses, of the masculine gender, which were levelled at your humble servant, and the aristocratic rustle of silken flounces against my travelling dress of sober grey, when I *would* persist in gazing at the show-cases, and seeing what was to be seen. Well who cares? They enjoy themselves, in their pomp and parade, and I enjoy myself, looking on. Which has the best time; I wonder? Here my uninitiated steps were suddenly arrested by a sight, to me, as exquisitely painful as it was loathsome and disgusting. A little boy, a child, almost a baby, had fallen into the gutter, *dead drunk*. He was dressed in costly garments, and was evidently a scion of Baltimore's aristocracy. He was too drunk to move, or speak, and I was glad of it. It would have been too awful to hear those infant lips blaspheme the holy name they should lisp in reverence at a mother's knee. Oh! America! where is thy boasted freedom of thought, and liberty of action, when youthful daughters, are prostrate worshippers at the shrine of fashion and pride, and infant sons reel about the streets, bound in the slavish trammels of the monster, Intemperance?

It is a burning sin and shame to any civilized body of people that such a state of things exists. It is a solemn, and disgraceful fact, that the birth-day of our Savior cannot be celebrated without a dozen balls, and a general getting tight on egg-nogg; or, to descend to a lower, but still solemn subject, a party of Gentlemen (?) cannot meet together about the Mount Vernon Association, but they must get drunk, as a tribute of respect to the memory of their country's father! I guess I shall catch myself thinking over all this, next time I hear "Hail! Columbia, happy land!"

The street up which I was going, led to the Washington Monument. Of colossal size, it stands high over head, seeming to overlook the city, as the Spirit of Washington might be supposed to overlook the country of his birth. I confess myself to be no patriot, in the common acceptance of the term. I don't clap my hands till they blister, when I go to hear a lecture on Washington, or a Fourth of July oration; I don't think my native land much better or happier than some other countries; I don't fancy Yankee Doodle; I don't like to hear foreign governments run down and abused by Young Americas, who have never been there, don't know anything about them, and wouldn't tell the truth if they did; and I never got drunk on rye whiskey at a concert given for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Association. I confess to all this, dear Times, and a deal more, that I don't find it convenient to mention; but an irrepressible thrill of pride and admiration sent my blood bounding through my veins as I looked upon that statue, and I havn't a doubt that I honor the great patriot, in my own way, quite as much as the tipsy and patriotic republicans above mentioned.

Clang! clang! clang! Julius Cæsar! What were gongs made for? Well, I intended to write a long letter, but I hope you will pardon me, for this time, as the sound of hurrying feet warns me to betake myself to the dinner table, and look out for Number One there, and your readers may take this, as my Number One here. Adieu, dear Times. I remain,

Yours respectfully,
JULIA SOUTHALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Literary World.

BY GEO. W. COTHRAN.

MESSRS. GOULD & LINCOLN.

There is scarcely any class of business men whose labors are, generally, so little understood and so illy appreciated as Book Publishers. We take up a book, read its title, then its contents, and, perhaps, casually, glance at the name of the publisher on the title-page. The part, whether important or unimportant, which the Publisher performs in placing the book in the market, rarely claims our attention. The generally received opinion, however is, that the part performed by the Publisher in the production of the book is merely mechanical, and performed as a source of profit. This is but partially true. It is true that some publishers sell a large number of copies of some particular works, and thereby realize a handsome profit.—All the fame and credit, however, go to the author; as the fame of a military achievement is hung upon the commandant's brow, and not upon those of his soldiery, who earned the victory.

While it is not my wish to find fault with, or complain of, any body, I desire to call the reader's attention more particularly to the man who constitutes the medium between the author and the reader, and without whose aid and assistance we would not be in a situation to acquaint ourselves with the thoughts, and arguments, and reasons of other men. The part therefore, which the publisher performs, is necessarily, an important one. It is through his instrumentality that books and periodicals, of all kinds, are so plenty, and knowledge so generally diffused. The power that he wields is a mighty power, a power that can convulse the whole civilized world, paralize commerce, plunge continents into cruel warfare, or spread abroad the blessing of education and civilization. That mighty power is the Power of the Press. In centuries gone by, no such power as this was possessed by man. From a recent computation I have learned that, with the aid of this mighty power, more volumes were printed by one publishing house, in the city of Boston, in one year, than were written for a dozen centuries, in the earlier times.

The position occupied by the Publisher is a very onerous one; a position of vast importance and of fearful responsibility. He is held responsible to the utmost letter for the moral and religious tendency of his publications. He is held to a rigorous accountability, and vigorously assailed, if he errs in judgment, in making a proper choice of works to publish. He invests his money and takes the chances of success: if profit is made by the adventure, he gets a portion of it; if loss is sustained, and which is not infrequently the case, he, as a general thing, has to stand it. The care, the thought, the trouble, the anxiety, the perplexity, that are his, rarely trouble the readers of his publications.

There are various kinds of men engaged in the publishing business, men who are actuated by widely different motives, in the publication of books for public use. Many publish books, as other men speculate in stocks, to make money. These men print and throw into the market anything that will "sell;" and the vendee is very often as well "sold" in making his purchase, as the book he purchases. While there are publishers of this kind, there are others who are actuated by a widely different motive, and who publish works of a widely different character and for a widely different purpose;—men who exert themselves to promote the more general diffusion of knowledge, and a wider dissemination of pure and wholesome literature. They select with great care and publish such works only as are best calculated to benefit mankind, in some way or another. Their desire to issue only such works as are beneficial to the permanent interests of mankind is such, that they frequently sacrifice their pecuniary advancement for the public good, by declining to publish works that would sell well, but which are of a character different from their standard of publications. In more than one instance has this been known to be the case. The man who possesses the terrible power of the Press, and who will exercise it in this manner; who will publish none but works of standard and permanent value; who will thus sacrifice private ends, and forego the participation in pecuniary profits which he otherwise might have enjoyed, is a real benefactor to his race, and is worthy of the highest mead of praise. To such a man as this, while his position is a delicate and important one, a position fraught with much care, anxiety, and hazard, yet the assurance that the result of his labors accomplish his desired object—the elevation, improvement, ambition of his race—affords him his sweetest pleasure. The author and the publisher are almost inseparably connected and when their labors and energies have been exerted in placing in the hands of the public a good book, who may tell the amount of good that may result to mankind from it?

I have been into nearly every book-publishing house, of importance, in America, and possess some knowledge of the kinds and qualities of the books published by each of them. There are not many houses but what have, at times, published more or less "sensation books," which, in a moral and educational point of view, are worse than worthless. Yet there are some firms that have withstood this temptation, and have adhered with firmness and zeal to the publisher's true line of conduct, and have fulfilled the true mission of the Publisher for the people. And instead of casting deceptive and worthless books and periodicals broadcast among the people, have placed within their reach works which are always calculated to confer a permanent and lasting benefit upon all who may read them. Would that all Publishers were actuated by this philanthropic motive!

Amongst the houses which have stood the firmest in this respect, and which, by the way, is one of the oldest and most respectable establishments in our country, is the unostentatious, yet enterprizing and ever-reliable firm of Messrs. GOULD & LINCOLN, of Boston. The position, so long, occupied by these gentlemen, among the publishers of our country, is certainly an enviable one, one worthy of emulation. Their course has been such as to meet with the approbation of all who have had dealings with them. In their publications they have erected a high standard, both as to morality and practical utility, and, to my knowledge, they have never deviated from it. I have read many of their publications, and have examined almost every book published by them, and the late firm of GOULD, KENDALL & LINCOLN, within the last ten years, and I can say, in all truthfulness and candor, that I have never seen an unworthy, or even a mediocre, book, with their imprint on the title-page. The uniform excellence of their publications challenges the admiration of the reading public, and is in the highest degree commendable. Every book published by them, so far as my knowledge extends, is marked by two distinguishing characteristics, and is intended to accomplish two worthy objects;—to instruct the reader in that which is important and useful and necessary to a proper discharge of his duty to his fellow man, while it at the same time instills within his mind the principles of an enlightened morality. To educate and refine the mind, and to teach a pure and elevated morality and christian piety, is the aim and object of all their publications. Their works are not generally tinctured with sectarianism, but take and advocate views so broad as to meet with the approbation of almost all readers, who relish a good, wholesome, reliable book. Their publications embrace nearly all the different departments of human learning, and are written by many of the most eminent authors living or deceased. And it is my only regret that space will not admit of my calling attention to many of their works. I will however, mention the names of a few of their authors. There stands the name of HUGH MILLER, the eminent, self-taught Scotch Geologist, whose matchless works have shed such an imperishable glory around his lamentable and melancholy end; AGASSIZ, the most eminent Naturalist the world ever produced; Robert Chambers, Charles Knight, Peter Bayne, Francis Wayland, John Harris, Arnold Guyot, and many others. I have heretofore written quite at length upon many of their publications, for "THE TIMES," and may hereafter take up the same subject again; as there is nothing which gives me more pleasure than to commend a good book, unless it be the pleasure I derive from reading it. I would earnestly recommend to my southern readers and friends who are desirous of procuring excellent books for their libraries and family use to call upon or write to my friends Messrs. GOULD & LINCOLN, and mark me, you will never repent having done so; and in saying this, I am entirely free from bias, as I have written this article voluntarily and without their knowledge.

Four State elections will take place this spring, namely, New Hampshire, March 8; Connecticut, April, 4; Rhode Island, April, 6; and Virginia, May 26. In each of these States a Governor is to be chosen, and also members to the next Congress.

On Thursday last the new Baptist Church at Goldsboro' was dedicated to divine worship. The dedication sermon was preached by Rev. J. L. Prichard, of Wilmington. Rev. Geo. W. Keesee, of Virginia, has been called to the pastoral charge of the church, and has entered upon the duties of that office

voic[illegible]
melody o[illegible]
the change!
and bare; and retu[illegible]

Times' Correspondence.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

RALEIGH, N. C. Feb. 28th, 1859.

"The last of the" Legislature. Dark days coming in Europe; will they be brighter?—County Court, a brilliant effort baffled.—More State Bonds. The 22nd. Fire at St Mary's.

Dear Times:—The last lingerer of the Legislature has followed the foot-steps of his "illustrious predecessors" and turned his face homeward; *infallible* rumor has it that he was attracted and detained by the charms of a fair denizen of this metropolis, to whose mother, in *her* youthful days, he also played the devoted, a remarkable instance of the constancy of our much slandered sex. The same veracious informant also states that one blooming widow, in the maturity of her charms, was not unwillingly led a captive to the "mountain home" of a distinguished Commoner. So much for the doings of high men (Hymen,) during the session. As a veracious chronicler of the passing hour, we are compelled to state that there was no shedding of tears on the occasion of the adjournment, save what fell from the skies; the members staid here so long, eat so many turkies, in fact were so omnivorous, that no housekeeper saw their departure with regret; they will long have cause to remember the long session of 1858 and 1859, when they pay for provisions; the prices once fixed in a season of scarcity, are entailed upon us; our country friends have no notion of a sliding scale, except one that slides up, all the time. We did intend to say a few more "last words" about the Legislative proceedings, but perhaps our readers may think "jam satis" and we must pass on to other matters; their votes and speeches are now part of History and have passed from the domain of the busy trifler, such as our humble self; their works will certainly "follow them," and we are only anxious that the actors shall have justice done them by the present age and by posterity.

It is very evident from the tenor of the latest advices from Europe, that public affairs, especially on the Continent, are rapidly tending to a complication, which cannot be solved save by the last act of a terrible drama, bloody war. No one can tell what the result will be; we can only hope ardently that down trodden Italy will be free, that the triple headed abomination of Rome will be crushed, that Hungary (alas! how the heart bleeds at the mention of that name, once the bulwark of our Religion against the Paynim foe,) may once more be an independent nation. And Poland, what a thrill strikes the noblest chords of the heart, when the light of Freedom sl o ts from the abyss of the buried past across the drear night of Despotism and touches that magic word; and Austria, who shall say that the dark load of superstition, misery and despair shall not be shaken from her shoulders? like Issachar of old, she "has seen that rest was good and the land pleasant, and has bowed her shoulder to bear and become a servant to tribute." It was our glorious mission to light the torch of liberty; may it be our future lot to keep its flame undimmed to the latest ages, a beacon to guide and comfort those "who walk in darkness."

Our County Court was in session last week; Hon. G. E. Badger presided with his accustomed dignity, intelligence and efficiency; his services in this position are of immense importance to the county. A large amount of business was transacted, much money changed hands and some "harsh proceedings" were administered to sundry delinquents. The week before, the prisoners, under the guidance of Gus, a free negro, confined on some slight cause, had prepared for a general jail delivery, without waiting for court; a stone had been carefully loosened from its bed, and the approach of night was all that was needed to set them free; happily the attempt was discovered in time and next morning, a gentle reminder was administered to them, that it would have been better to await the "law's delay."

The Publick Treasurer has issued proposals for the sale of half a million Dollars of State Bonds, on april 3rd next. A new feature of this sale is that bids under par are admissible and the Bonds will be issued for small sums, $500, $200, and $100. This arrangement will make them very convenient for investment or remittances to New York, where they are payable and the admirable precautions adopted by the Legislature ought to mantain them at par or nearly so.

Our Court adjourned on the 22nd, in honor of the day, and the O. C. G. turned out, paraded through the streets, fired salutes and reflected great honor on themselves by their spirit and undying patriotism. "In determum florescat." At the North generally the occasion was duly celebrated and in some of the States, it is a legal holiday; we believe it is not so in any Southern State. Mr. Miller's lecture at Chapel Hill is said to have produced over $400; the largest contribution from any place in the State.

The Young Ladies at St. Mary's on Tusday morning last, while engaged in their recitations, were startled by the cry of "Fire." It was found to proceed from the register of the furnace and was soon extinguished by the energetic bravery of the teachers and the girls; they have thus proved themselves able to extinguish disorderly *flames* and are not to be deterred by clouds of *sparks*.

Yours &c. P. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

CAYUGA COUNTY, N. Y., February 21st, 1859.

Dear Times:—How rapidly the weeks and months pass by, *when* we are busily engaged in some employment or profession that demands all our time and energy. Ever since the first number of your enlarged and beautiful paper was received, I have been trying to find an opportunity to congratulate you on your success in establishing a first class family journal in the very heart of the old North State. Its interesting columns, its clear type, elegant paper, and convenient size must make it attractive to all, and I hope it may soon find itself a welcome weekly visitor in every intelligent family throughout the State. Residing in Greensboro' when "The Times" came into existence, I felt an interest in its prosperity, and have been gratified to see it so well sustained and appreciated. The publication of such a paper is an honor not only to the proprietors, but to the town and State.

But without adding more to express the pleasure I take in reading it from week to week, I must give you a little account of life in western New York, or rather in the southern part of Cayuga county.

There are many things in this vicinity that remind me of what I saw in North Carolina. Around us on every side are some very extensive and valuable farms, owned by the more wealthy class, who have tenants living upon them, some in log cabins and others in very small poor houses. Most of them have large families who assist in the cultivation of the land or the care of the dairies. The owners of the land are as independent as are the owners of large plantations in the South; and they generally live in good style, in large and well furnished houses, and spend much money in educating their sons and daughters at the neighboring Academies, until they have gone through with a regular course of English studies.

They ride in fine carriages and have the most excellent horses I have ever seen. But though they are wealthy and own these large farms, fine horses, and commodious houses, yet they do not practice that politeness and hospitality which the stranger experiences in the Southern States. Perhaps this arises from the fact that they have grown up with the children of coarse, rude, vulgar men, who act as day laborers and live in the tenant houses. This latter class is much like a certain lower class of white people in the South, who own no land, but live in poorly built houses or cabins; and who, being ignorant themselves, allow their children to grow up in ignorance and idleness.—Here the children all attend school and are taught to read and write. Many, however, do not extend their education beyond these two branches and a slight knowledge of arithmetic.

In comparing the upper class of people here with those of your State, I am inclined to think that the former are inferior in respect to politeness, hospitality and social qualities, and I cannot see that they are superior in respect to morality; for I have seen more drinking, profanity, dancing and card playing, with other kindred vices, in this place during the last four months than I did during as many years in your excellent town. To be sure there are some good people here, but they are not among the most influential class. As Principal of the Academy in this place, I am brought in contact with numerous families, and have an opportunity of comparing the young with those who were once my pupils at the South; and I sometimes wish myself back again in Greensboro, among my former pupils and the warm-hearted friends whom I still remember with pleasure.

Respectfully yours, C. W. H.

WASHINGTON, N. C.—Washington is a much livelier town than either Elizabeth City, Edenton, or Plymouth, and carries on a large trade by water with Northern ports. Its chief trade, however, is in turpentine, spirits turpentine, and rosin, though considerable business is manifested in the cotton and grain. Its location cannot be excelled, and as the gas and railroad questions are now being earnestly canvassed, we may look to Washington eventually for a city of considerable importance. Two good newspapers—the Dispatch and Times—are published here. There are some excellent schools and several enterprising manufacturies, with large mills upon the river front. Two hotels—the Farmer's and Lafayette.—*Correspondence Portsmouth Transcript.*

GOOD LAW.—A bill has passed the House of Representatives of Ohio, making seduction a penitentiary offense. As the law now is, the only penalty on conviction of this crime is the payment of such pecuinary recompense as may be awarded by the jury.

Stories from the Bible.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

SCENES FROM THE LIFE OF KING DAVID.

BY PAUL RIVINWOOD.

THE DEATH OF DAVID.

Death comes alike to all. He enters the palaces of the rich to-day, the hovels of the poor to-morrow. All the earth is filled with his victims, and the white monuments which rear their heads to mark the resting places of the dead proclaim his victory over life! The child, the youth, the maiden, the sire, the ignorant and the learned are yearly swept away, and his gloomy shadow flitters ever on the wall of every homestead.

What a mysterious thing is death!—the separation of the *soul* from the *body*,—the ceasing of the human mind, that *vital active principle* in man, which reasons, loves hopes, fears, adores, imagines, and aspires after immortality! All dread his approach, there is that in nature which makes one feel a desire to live; though the body may be filled with pains, yet, how longingly do we cling to that last rotten thread, which retains the *soul* in the human frame. Even those prepared to die, who have lived upright amid their fellow men, doing unto others as they would be done by, fear the parting of that link which gives the *immortal soul* its freedom to soar *far* into that land whence no traveler returneth to tell of the joys and sorrows there!

It was a day of gloom to the Jews in the Holy City of David (Jerusalem)—the rush of active business was suspended, all were waiting to hear the sad announcement which should proclaim to the mass that their venerable and good king was no more. His reign had been one of prosperity to his people, he had succeeded to a kingdom distracted with civil war, surrounded on every side by powerful and victorious enemies, without a capital, almost without an army—but now at the hour of departure from his earthly career, he was to leave a compact and united state of things stretching from the frontiers of Egypt to the foot of Lebanon, from the Euphrates to the sea. He had conquered the Philistines, subdued and curbed all other kingdoms, he had organized an immense army—says an able writer, he was a *type* of Christ. On a free election he was anointed king over the house of Judah, and seven years after he was unanimously chosen by all the tribes of Israel over which he reigned for nearly forty years.

The sun was sinking in a flood of golden light, giving a heavenly beauty to this sacred city, the soft wind merely whispered, "He is dying, he is dying!" through the streets and within the open doors. All was silent, no noisy tread disturbed the hallowed stillness of the hour—the thousands who had flocked to the city, from other towns, mingled with the inhabitants as brother should with brother, and in a whisper they talked of his virtues and mourned with the feeling that a true son should the death of a venerable sire. Thousands gathered in front of the king's mansion, and from the vast assembly all that could be heard, was the faint sobbing from the beautiful daughters of Israel. There they stood, that sea of human heads, all eagerly waiting and watching for him who should say unto them, your king has ceased to live!

Within—ah, what a scene was there pictured, the king lay on a couch, robed in rich attire, the last spark of life beamed in his mild and affectionate eye, his silvery hair hung in curly beauty down his shoulders and his long white beard lay softly on his scarcely heaving breast. There were about him his sons—prominent among these, was Solomon, waiting with all due reverence (to the father) for the hour when he should wear the crown and execute his last commands; several of his prominent officers, many of the beautiful women of his court; bending on one knee and holding the king's hand was Zadok, clad in all his priestly robes. Nathan the prophet stood at the foot of the couch, looking upon the king, his face beaming with a heavenly glow; faintly smiled the king on those about him, yet enough to say, "*All is well.* Soon shall I cross the *dark* and *rapid* river and be with the honored in Eternity."

He had finished his duties as a king, he had bid *all* farewell! and they who were watching his peaceful exit from earth, felt that the power of God dwelt there. The sun had almost reached his goal, the king's breast rose and fell less frequently, the bright flash in the eye had ceased. Soon came the twilight mellow and beautiful, golden streaks of light shot up from the west bending their exquisite colors with the rich blue of heaven, in a few moments these rays grew fainter and fainter, and the evening mild and lovely set in.

How truly sublime appeared the king's face as these rich streaks of light loitered for a second over it, not a muscle stirred, not a hair froliced with the soft wind:—

"Lo! he beckons from on high,
Fearless to his presence fly;
Thine the merit of his blood,
Thine the righteousness of God;
Angels waiting to attend,
Hovering round thy pillow bend,
Wait to catch the signal given,
And escort thee quick to heaven.
Fly! celestial tenant fly!
Burst thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing and fired with love!"

He was, as if, in a gentle sleep. None knew there the moment when the last thread was broken, *when* his immortal spirit had separated from the body and winged its way far through brilliant streaks of light into the *fatherland—eternity!*

As soon as it was certain that David was lifeless, Zadok calmly said to those about him, "The king will be no more with his people, his soul is now with Samuel, Abraham and Moses."

Zadok, with Nathan, Solomon and others, went unto the people without; when they appeared, no noise clashed on their ears from those eager Jews, though every heart beat rapidly within. Nathan raised his hand, and looking upon them with christian love, spoke in rich full tones, saying, "Blessed be the God of Israel! for he has gathered our king unto his fathers!" Then there burst forth, from all, a tremendous "*Amen!!*"

As soon as the excitement was over, Zadok took a horn of oil from a priest, which had been previously brought from the tabernacle, and commanding Solomon to kneel, he anointed him king; as soon as the ceremony was over, a blast from a thousand trumpets proclaimed the new king, and the people shouted, "*God save King Solomon!*"

Democratic Meeting.

A meeting of the Democracy of Guilford county was held in the Court House on Saturday, the 26th of February. The meeting was organized by calling Joseph Kirkpatrick, Esq., to the chair, and appointing P. W. Parker as Secretary.—Robert P. Dick, Esq., introduced the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we recommend to the counties composing the 5th Congressional District to appoint delegates to meet in convention in Graham on Tuesday, 31st of May, for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress at the ensuing election,

Resolved, That the Chairman appoint ten delegates to represent the democracy of Guilford in the said convention.

The Chairman then appointed the following delegates:

Robert P. Dick, B. G. Graham, M. D. Smith, Wm. A. Dunn, S. D. Holden, L. Cobb, Col. H. C. Dick, William Green, Thos. E. Moore, Thos. Buchanan.

On motion the Chairman and Secretary were added to the list of delegates.

On motion of M. D. Smith the Secretary was directed to request the Greensboro' Patriot and The Times to publish these proceedings.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

J. KIRKPATRICK, Chairman.
P. W. PARKER, Secretary.
Standard and Sentinel please copy.

CURIOSITIES OF THE EARTH.—At the city of Modena, in Italy, and about four miles around it, wherever the earth is dug, whenever the workmen arrive at the distance of sixty-three feet, they come to a bed of chalk, which they bore with an auger five feet deep. They then withdraw from the pit before the auger is removed, and upon its extraction, the water bursts up through the aperture with great violence, and quickly fills this newly made well, which continues full, and is affected neither by rains nor droughts.

But what is most remarkable in this operation is the layers of earth as we descend. At the depth of fourteen feet are found the ruins of an ancient city, paved streets, houses, doors and different pieces of Mosaic work. Under this is found a soft, oozy earth, made up of vegetables, and at twenty-six feet deep, large trees entire, such as walnut trees, with the walnuts still sticking to the stem, and the leaves and branches in a perfect state of preservation. At twenty-eight feet deep a soft chalk is found, mixed with a vast quantity of shells, and this bed is eleven feet thick. Under this vegetables are found again.—*Pittsburg Al.*

A NEW MALE COLLEGE:—The Danville Virginia papers have a call for a public meeting to be held soon to take steps towards establishing in that place a High School or College for boys and young men.

DEATH OF AN ENORMOUS MAN.—A man died at No. 844 Broadway, New York, on Saturday night last, of monster size, weighing 678 pounds. His name was Asha A. Skilling. The deceased was a native of Portland, Me., 39 years of age, and for some time past had kept a fish and oyster stand at the above number.

The President has sent a message to Congress for authority to use the army and navy forces of the United States to protect the lives and property of citizens in Mexico and Central America.

ANNIVERSARY OF WILLIAM AND MARY COLLEGE.—The 166th anniversary of William and Mary College in Virginia was celebrated in Williamsburg on Saturday, in grand style. A large number of the Alumni were gathered there, and with the visitors, students and citizens, made the ancient capital gay indeed. The ruins of the college building looked desolate; and the heart of every Alumnus was saddened at the sad spectacle of his Alma Mater in ashes.

On Saturday a poem was red by St. George Tucker, and an address delivered by ex-President Tyler, before the Alumni and guests, in the Baptist Church.

The poem—an epic of old William and Mary—was truly beautiful, abounding in gems of rare excellence. It touched the ears of all who heard it. The address was an eloquent one; it told the history and influence of the old college, and necessity of Williamsburg as its locality. The address was every way worthy of its distinguished author.

The afternoon and evening were spent by the Alumni, students and guests around the festive board, in "Apollo Hall" at the "Old Raleigh." Not less than two hundred assembled in that hall, and Minerva hall adjoining it, which were tastefully decorated, to feast upon a most sumptuous entertainment prepared by the ladies of Willamsburg. After the cloth was removed (with more than half the viands untouched,) the toasts and speeches commenced. The toasts were responded to in a spirited and eloquent manner by Gov. Wise, Hugh Blair Grigsby, Gen. Taliaferro, O. J. Wise, Dr. Garnett, Prof. Joynes and others. At a late hour the festivities closed with love for Alma Mater burning more intensely in the hearts of the Alumni.

The visitors have determined to rebuild the College on the old site immediately, and they call on the Alumni throughout the State for assistance. They have appointed Mr. Grigsby, of this place, to choose a plan to be submitted to a committee.

At the Alumni meeting a committee, consisting of John Tyler, James Lyons, John M. Speed, William Lamb and Warner T. Jones, was appointed to address the Alumni upon the present condition of William and Mary, and to appeal to them to come to the aid of their Alma Mater.

We have not time before going to press to give any further account of the glorious celebration of the anniversary of William and Mary. Every one was delighted. It was a splendid success.—*Norfolk Argus.*

Singular and Atrocious Villainy.

The dwelling of Henry Stowell, of Shutesbury, Mass., says the Springfield Republican, was entered on Monday night, January 31st, by some desperate, revengeful villain, who stealthily proceeded to a bed room in which Mr. Stowell's daughter Ellen, a young lady of 19 years, and another young lady were sleeping in separate beds, and administered to both sufficient chloroform to render them utterly helpless and unconscious. He then made several cuts with some sharp instrument upon the forehead of Miss Ellen, extending from the roots of the hair to the eyebrows, and also upon her chin. From these wounds the blood flowed freely, but they are not serious. He also made a gash of some three inches in length upon her breast and probably committed other outrages. On retiring she had taken the rings from her fingers and placed them upon the table near her bed. These were found upon the floor broken and useless. Her clothing, of all kinds, as well as whatever else belonged to her, including even her papers, which the villain obtained by breaking open her trunk, were carefully selected in the room where she slept, and also in adjoining rooms, and carried away. As other articles, many of them of value, belonging to other members of the family, were left undisturbed, it is obvious that personal revenge upon Miss Stowell was the object of the wicked depredator. Miss Stowell recovered her consciousness about daylight the following morning, and found her face and bed-clothing covered with blood, and herself suffering greatly from her wounds. The family were at once aroused, and diligent search instituted, but no certain clew to the perpetrator had been discovered at last accounts, although the family have strong suspicions of the guilty one. The victim of this inhuman outrage is an intelligent young lady, of much amiability of character, greatly esteemed by all who know her, and is not conscious of having made any one her enemy.

By an arrival at New York, we have Buenos Ayres dates to the 14th January.

Four vessels had gone up the river with Commissioner Bowlin and the Commodore, to negotiate with Paraguaay.

Lopez is said to have one hundred thousand men under arms. Doubted.

Prof. Robt. A. Ezell, President of the University at Marshall, Texas, died in that place on Monday, the 31st of January. Mr. E. formerly edited the "Warrenton News" in this State.

THE TIMES.

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

SATURDAY, March 5, 1859.

C. C. COLE, J. W. ALBRIGHT. } *Editors and Proprietors.*

Contributors.

We present only a few names from the large number who contribute to THE TIMES:

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INA CLAYTON,	A. PERRY SPERRY,
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GRACE MILWOOD,	Miss. O. W. LAVERT,
Mrs. L. M. HUTCHINSON,	Mrs. F. C. LOOMIS,
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Mrs. C. HUTCHINS,	H. A. DWIGHT,
GRIFFITH J. McREE,	J. C. FITZ GERALD,
and others.	and others.

THE LEDGER AND THE TIMES

A correspondent writes—"I am happy to learn that your circulation is increasing and that the Times occupies the position of the 'Ledger' of the South."

Another writes—"You don't know how glad I am to see the improvement in 'The Times.' I think you will catch 'Bonner' after a while, and how he will wonder to see you so close behind him, as he sails triumphantly through the literary heavens, with all his bright particular stars around him."

Now, kind friends, we thank you sincerely for your intended compliments, but without arrogating to ourselves any special degree of importance, we sincerely affirm that we do not envy Mr. Bonner, "with all his bright particular stars." To base success upon merit, we would take it as the highest praise to have the "Times" named in the same sentence with the "Ledger," but unfortunately it is not an infallible rule that a success is the reward of merit. In this remark, however, we would not be understood as disparaging the Ledger, since it has a *merit*, but we simply wish to be understood as not envying that species of merit; and, therefore, as the inference might be drawn from the above quotations, imitating or aspiring after the Ledger.

Undoubtedly the "Ledger" is very popular with a certain class of readers, those who are fond of reading intensely thrilling romances, of how the hero got into awful scrapes and barely escaped with his life, concocted to dissipate the mind of the reader, until it is as perfectly a slave to the craving appetite as he whom the liquor dealer has enslaved with his daily beverages. And they are, too, as wholly devoid of moral influence as are the liquid beverages. For this reason we do not aspire to imitate the "Ledger," even though we knew it would bring us half a million of readers. The mission of the Times is one of a higher motive, feeling conscious that a responsibility to be answered for rests upon its influence, be it great or small.—

And with this consciousness in view, the mission of The Times is to do good to its readers, to be a safe family visitor, to inculcate good moral lessons for the children, to interest and impart useful knowledge to the more advanced, and to build up the useful in our midst, and at the same time to be a faithful reporter of the news of the world and the doings of men. Thus much we simply say in defense, and refer to the Times as a voucher.

A friend informs the Charleston Courier that the Rev. A. M. Shipp, of the North Carolina University, refuses positively the use of his name at the election for the Presidency of the Wofford College, as successor to Rev. W. M. Wightman, D. D., who has accepted the Presidency of the "Southern University" of Alabama.

The mayor of Richmond has decided twice recently that a dog is not a subject of larceny in Virginia.

MOBILE, ALABAMA.

(See Illustration on First Page.)

The city of Mobile, a port of entry and capital of Mobile county, Alabama, is situated on the West bank of Mobile river, immediately above its entrance into the bay of the same name, 30 miles North of the Gulf of Mexico, 330 miles by water, South-West from Montgomery, 165 miles East by North from New Orleans, and 1033 from Washington. It is by far the most considerable town of the State, both in population and commerce, and, after New Orleans, is the greatest cotton market in the United States. Mobile Bay extends Southward from the city, and communicates with the Gulf of Mexico by two channels, separated by Dauphin Island. The eastern, or main channel, has about 18 feet of water. The greatest width of the bay is about 15 miles.

The site of Mobile is a level sandy plain, sufficiently elevated for the purpose of convenient drainage, being about 15 feet higher than the bay. The streets are wide, and mostly run North by South, and East by West. Much attention has recently been paid to planting shade trees, and the city is supplied with spring water, brought from the distance of several miles. It is not compactly built, excepting the portion occupied by the commercial houses. On the South and West side of the town there are dry, sandy pine-hills, which afford agreeable and healthy retreats during the hot season. Mobile is the seat of Spring Hill College, founded by the Catholics, having a library of 7000 volumes. It also contains an institution for the blind, a city hospital, a United States marine hospital, 2 orphan asylums, a theatre, 2 or 3 banks, and 6 newspaper offices. There are churches of 6 denominations, and several academies. The health of the town has recently been improved by draining and filling in the lowgrounds on the North. The entrance to the bay is defended by Fort Morgan, formerly Fort Brower, and a light house has been erected in the same vicinity. Mobile has an advantageous position for trade, being the natural outlet of the greatest cotton region in the South. Steamboats ply regularly, at all seasons, between this port and Montgomery and Tuscaloosa. Another line keeps up a daily communication with New Orleans, *via* Lakes Bargne and Pontchartrain. A railroad about 450 miles long between Mobile and the mouth of the Ohio River, connects with the central railroad of Illinois. This road forms a part of the direct route from the Gulf of Mexico to the great Lakes. Another railroad connects this city with Columbus, in Georgia.

The receipts of cotton for the year ending September, 1, 1854, was 538,864, bales. The exports for the year amounted to 545,631 bales, of which 328,963 were to foreign ports, and 178,668 coastwise. Great Britain took 231,230 bales, and France 76,752 bales. There were also exported 12,606,805 feet of sawn timber, 186,345 feet of deck planks, [illegible] tons of hewn timber, and 1088 [illegible] and spars. The total value of foreign imports $795,653. The shipping of port, June 30, 1854, amounted to 11,605 tons registered, and 21,904 tons enrolled and licensed. The number of foreign arrivals for the year was 133—tons, 86,221; clearances, 195—tons, 118,498. During the year 9 vessels (tonnage, 2004) were built. A new custom house has recently been built here at a cost of $300,000. Mobile was ceded to the United States by Spain in 1813. It was incorporated a town in 1814, and a city charter was granted in 1819. Population in 1830 3194; in 1840, 12672; in 1850, 20,515. The city is yet in its infancy, and its past trade and rapid increase in population, indicate a future of vast commercial importance.

I AND J.—As we are troubled very much with these two letters, we would recommend the following to our correspondents, from the *Louisville Journal*:—"There are no two letters in the manuscript alphabet of the English language which occasion so much trouble, or cause so much misconstruction as the two letters I and J, as many persons, either ignorantly or inadvertently, write them.

The rule for writing them properly, and which should be universally understood and adopted, is to extend the J below the line, while the I should be written even with the line and not carried below it. This is not so trivial a matter as might seem at a first glance, for many persons are very sensitive about the proper rendering of their names—getting in to a rage with the printer or proof-reader, if a mistake is made, when the fact is the blame should attach to their own carelessness and improper chirography. It is, however, very natural for the best tempered men to feel annoyed when he reads his name in connection with some disreputable affair with which he had nothing to do; or sees the glorious commendations of some highly meritorious action, or a complimentary notice intended for him, entirely spoiled and subverted by the unfortunate insertion of some other individual's name, which happens to be very like his own. Mr. Wm. I. Smith may be the shepherd of a flock which look up to him with reverence and affection, while Mr. W. J. Smith may be a sheep stealer. Imagine, then, the feeling of the reverend gentleman when on perusing the columns of some newspaper, he finds himself sentenced to imprisonment in jail, when he had never entered the precincts of a court-house in his life.

AMERICAN MANUAL OF PHONOGRAPHY, being a complete guide to the acquisition of PITMAN'S PHONETIC SHORTHAND. By Elias Longley. Cincinnati: Longley and Brothers, Phonetic Publishers. Cloth 60.

We believe this is the latest and perhaps the best work in exposition of the phonographic system. If this method of writing was in general use, it would undoubtedly be of great convenience and utility to students, authors, clergymen, lawyers, and in fact to every one who has occasion to use the pointed pen. The author defines Phonography to be a philosophical method of writing the English language, with an alphabet composed of the simplest geometrical signs, which accurately represent the sounds of spoken language. It may be written six times as fast as the ordinary longhand, and is equally legible, and very easily learned.

Being but an intended student, not having as yet taken our first lesson, we will use the following, which comes opportunely to hand, in the place of a regular review of the above work. The writer, M. M. Moser, Esqr., of this State, speaks from his personal experience and knowledge:

In this age of steam and lightning—of railroads and electric telegraphs,—in this age when we must accomplish everything in the shortest possible time, we need a more rapid method of writing than the common longhand. Phonography supplies this want.

The word Phonography, according to its derivation, means to express sounds by writing. Any kind of writing in which the sounds of the words are represented, might therefore, be called Phonography; but the word is commonly understood to signify the Phonetic Shorthand invented by Isaac Pitman of England; and this is the kind of Phonography which shall receive our attention for a short time.

Phonography, then, has an alphabet composed of the simplest possible letters, namely, straight lines and curves for the consonants, and dots and short dashes for the vowels. As the sounds of the words are represented, it requires only one letter for each sound, instead of two or more, as is often the case in the common spelling. Take for instance, the word *though*, in which there are *six* letters used to represent two sounds: written in Phonography it takes only two, thus, (– The word *owes* having but two sounds, is written with two letters, thus –)

The letters, consisting of simple lines, curves, dots and dashes require but a single motion of the pen to write each, as in the above illustrations; in common writing they require from two to six each. Thus, by using no unnecessary letters in the spelling, and by adopting the simplest possible forms for the letters, considerable brevity would be obtained even though all the words were represented in full; but, as the learner proceeds in studying the art, he will find, successively introduced, several contractions, which though easily understood, contribute greatly to the brevity of the writing. But why particularize any further? To be fully appreciated, the art must be learned. Suffice it to say that it may be written five or six times as fast as common longhand, on less than half the space, and is equally legible. It is so simple and easily learned that its principles may be mastered in a few weeks, by studying on or two hours every day; and hundreds of persons have learned it from the text-books, without any other instruction. Still, it must not be expected that any one can, without a great deal of practice, acquire sufficient speed to Report rapid speakers, that is to write down their speeches, sermons &c., as fast as they are spoken. But Reporting is not the only use of Phonography. Ministers, Editors, Compositors, Lawyers, Physicians, and in fact all who have much writing to do for their own reading, or for others to read who understand the art, will find it of great use. Compositors who understand it, set up type directly from the Phonographic copy, and it is said that the proof is cleaner than when set up from common longhand. Students would find it useful, in pursuing their studies. They could take notes of valuable lectures, &c., even before they would become expert writers. Even the study of the art would be of service to them as a means of mental discipline.

War Rumors in Europe.

The English correspondent of the North Carolina Presbyterian, a man we presume well posted in transatlantic matters, gives some explanations of affairs in Europe and the prospects of a general war. He attaches the most if not all the blame to Napoleon. He says of the

STATE OF PARTIES IN EUROPE.

I think in speaking of Italy, I directed attention to Sardinia, a small but gallant and ambitious State, governed by constitutional principles, and panting to be the vanguard of a new crusade for the renovation and political reformation of Italy. In those fertile plains on the North of that sunny land whose southern shores are bounded by the waters of the Mediterranean and whose northern frontier rises in the lofty summits of the Alps, there is besides Sardinia another competitor for Italian rule—Austria. That iron despotism has laid her rude grasp on the rich province of Lombardy, and has more than once extinguished any effort to make her release her hold, in the blood of those who made it. In 1848 Sardinia then, as now the foe of absolutism, met her on the fatal field of Novara, and in spite of her efforts, was beaten to the earth. The two powers then set to their natural work, Austria to crowd her jails and erect scaffolds and gibbets in every town, and Sardinia to bind up her wounds and wait for a more favorable opportunity when she might have her revenge and further the cause she was so desirous to serve. Meanwhile the French Republic had sent an army against the sister Republic at Rome and after a brave and noble struggle in which the modern inhabitants of the eternal city showed much of the military spirit of their ancestors, they were crushed by superior numbers, and the government of Pope Pius IX was restored. During these past ten years, the groans of the oppressed have become louder, and the acts of their oppressors more severe. In Naples, in the States of the Church, in the Duchy of Tuscany, along the alluvial plains watered by the Po, one turn after another has been given to the rack, till now in the agony of despair the whole Peninsula is ready for an outbreak. But you will ask, how is that possible with French and Austrian troops in Rome, and Austrian troops swarming in all the garrisons of the North? The question finds its answers in the Russian war and a circumstance which occurred exactly a year ago this day. At the treaty of Paris where the rights of parties were last adjusted in Europe, something was said of the state of Italy. The matter was brought forward by Count Cavorer, the representative of Sardinia, but after some discussion which ended, as it began, in words, the matter dropped. On the 14th January, a year ago, took place the attempt of Orsini an Italian patriot to massacre the Emperor of France. That circumstance created the most violent alarm in the mind of that despot, and he made application to England and Sardinia to take some means to prevent persons having a design against his life, planning their schemes in the territory of any of these countries. To that demand, backed by some menacing and foolish boasting of the French Colonels the British government attempted to make some modification in their laws regarding the punishment of plotters against the life of foreign princes. But the spirit of the country got alarmed, and the ministry who proposed it were ignominiously turned out of office. Not so in Sardinia: a bill was carried in the legislature of that country much of the same character as that which was rejected by the British House of Commons, and this and some other unanimity of feeling between Sardinia and France on matters of European interest drew these two countries, at least their governments, more closely together. The truth is that Sardinia, well knowing her now weakness as compared with Austria, was willing to form an alliance with any power that would back her in the strife. Such a power it is said she has found in France, though the alliance and the professed objects of it are sufficiently inconsistent to make all the friends of liberty dubious about the result.

CAUSE OF THE PRESENT CRISIS.

So far for the history and state of the respective parties, and now for what has been the immediate cause of the present crisis. It is said that Louis Napoleon, whose ear one would think was not the likeliest to listen to such a tale has become strangely solicitous for the welfare of those Romans whom he nine years ago crushed. He is said, much as he seems to like despotism, to have a bitter hatred of the manner in which the government of the Pope is carried on, and he, it is said, has threatened His Holiness that unless he lightens the burden of Pontifical taxes and restrictions he will withdraw the French troops from Rome and leave the Pope and his subjects to settle their difference by blows, as they undoubtedly would, and the representative of St. Peter and the Vicar of Christ (?) would be again compelled to do what he did in 1848, fly his own Capito in the garb of a footman. The Pope knowing he has another friend on whom he can depend, refuses to carry out the wishes of his Imperial ally, politely hinting that if France leaves, Austria is ready to take her place. To prevent this France insists that Austria shall withdraw her troops from Italy conjointly with those of her own, and leave the Italians to settle their own quarrels. Austria very naturally refuses to follow this advice, and prepares, if necessary, to resist any attempt to compel her. She holds the provinces by right of conquest, and the demand of France is much the same as if the same power in virtue of her small settlements in Hindostan, should demand Great Britain to evacuate that Peninsula. Of all this one might have remained in profound ignorance had not the Emperor of France on New Year's day let fall a few words to the Ambassador of Austria at his Court, which have since been the subject of universal discussion in Europe, and have been the immediate cause of all this excitement and alarm. These words were little more than a hint that the political relations between France and Austria were not all that were desirable. This remark has set the French funds a sinking, and the latest accounts from Paris characterize the excitement as extreme and exceeding anything that has been seen in France during the present *regime*.

In Italy things are worse. The king of Sardinia has opened the Parliament in a speech which clearly indicates that he expects war. Austria during the present week has marched 23,000 men into her Italian dominions. The University of Pavia, where the students showed a revolutionary tendency, has been closed, and Austrian officers are openly insulted in the public streets by Italians. We have frequently seen very threatening appearances in Europe blow over, without breaking out as this one seems to indicate, in a deluge of blood, and it is quite possible that the same result may take place just now. But there are two of the parties anxious for war, France and Sardinia. Sardinia burns for an opportunity of wiping out the stain of Novara and setting up the standard of Italian liberty. France again wants war for its own sake, for political reasons, to direct the attention of Frenchmen from their own evils to those that afflict their neighbors, and compensate for despotism by a new crop of that glory which is meat and drink to our Gallic friends. For once Great Britain is free of it, and it is to be trusted, will keep clear of it. It will be a strange sight, a European war where we are spectators. But such we are likely to be now. Independently of the merits of the quarrel, we are tired of being partners in a fight where we do the hard work and find the money and France reaps the glory. Such has been the case in the late Chinese war and was too true of our Crimean experience also.

LOSSES OF TERRITORY BY SPAIN.—At one time the Spanish Empire occupied the 8th part of the known world, comprising a space of 800,000 square miles, with a population of 70,000,000.

Of this vast territory more than two-thirds have been lost. In 1565 Spain gave up the Lower Navarre and Bearne were yielded to France, and in 1649 the Rousselon. In 1640 Spain lost Portugal and her colonies. In 1648 she recognized the sovereignty of the Netherlands. In 1626 the English wrested the Barbadoes from her, in 1655 Jamaica, in 1704 Gibraltar, in 1718 the Luccas, in 1759 Dominica, and in 1797 Trinidad. In the seventeeth century France took possession of Martinico, New Granada, Guadaloupe, and the half of the isle of San Domingo, and in 1800 Louisiana. In the 18th century Spain yielded up Sardinia to the Duke of Savoy, and to Morocco her rights on Mazalquiver and Oran.—She ceded Parma, Placcentia and Lucca, with other dominions in the noth of Italy, to princes of the house of Bourbon, and in 1750 Naples and Sicily were emancipated from Spanish government. In 1819 she sold Florida to the United States; in 1821 she lost her half of the isle of San Domingo; and before 1825 all her vast possessions on the American continent were lost to her forever. Her only foreign possessions now are the isles of Cuba and Puerto Rico, the Philippines, and some small African colonies.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Estella to her Lover.

BY ANNA M. BATES.

Fold your arms once more about me,
Tho' our dream of love is o'er—
Tho' to-night the chain is broken,
And we part to meet no more.
We who have been together
In many an hour of bliss,
Are parting and forever—
Oh! this is bitterness!

The world's gay throngs around me
Bend at full many a shrine—
I had one place of worship,
One altar—it was thine!
Broken—its odors wasted
Amid its desolation;
My faithful love yet keepeth
Its olden habitation.

You have learned to love another—
Beauty thy soul hath bought,
And won thee from the presence
Calm in its deep high thought.
Alas! that I am weeping
O'er the very love's excess,
Like a pearl was keeping,
But to learn its worthfulness!

Yet I come not to upbraid thee—
I will not stoop to blame
That from thy heart hath faded
Affection's glowing flame!
Oh, willingly I sever
The galling chain that bound thee,
Yet forever and forever
Will Memory's light stay round me!

I shall meet thee as a stranger
In festal and in hall—
I shall look upon thy young bride
More earnestly than all;
In her robes of bridal whiteness,
With her eyes of starry shine,
For if Love had kept its brightness,
That place would have been mine!

Go! but the pang is bitter,
Yet sunny be thy years;
What! do thy eyelids glitter
With late repentant tears?
Thy grief is like the mist
That hangs around the river,
But MINE the *heart's chill winter*
That hath a summer never!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Mrs. Atwood's Suspicions.

BY MRS. E. C. LOOMIS.

It was quite evident that something was wrong with Mrs. Atwood. Her brow were a look of vexation, and the entire expression of her countenance was disagreeable. She bustled about emptying work-baskets and drawers in search of some lost article.

"What has happened, mother?" inquired her daughter Maria, raising her eyes from her book.

"I'm out of patience," was the petulant reply; "here I've been looking for a whole hour for the little box in which I keep my cameo-pin and ear-rings; it is certainly gone! I have searched the whole house thoroughly, and some thief must have stolen my jewelry."

"You wore your pin and rings last evening, mother."

"Yes, and remember putting the box carefully away, just before I retired to rest; who could have taken them? there's been no one in the house this morning. Ah, yes, I forgot. That sewing girl, Lucy Mills, was here. I left her alone for some time, as I was busy in the kitchen, giving directions to Margaret."

"But, mother, Lucy Mills would not steal."

"I don't know about that, Maria. I never fancied the looks of that girl. She always keeps her eyes down like a guilty thing."

"She is very modest, mother, and very sensitive."

"Nonsense, Maria; such people sensitive! such coarse people who are accustomed to nothing but poetry, and whose associates are as vulgar as themselves."

"Mother, you are mistaken in your opinion of Lucy Mills. She is a lovely girl, and I am certain that she would never stoop to a mean act. How can you have a heart to accuse her of theft!"

"I do not accuse her," replied Mrs. Atwood, "but I have my suspicions. I have seen more of the world than you, Maria, and am not so easily deceived by appearances. I tell you, I've had my suspicions of Lucy Mills for a long time. At first I placed the greatest confidence in her, and I have left her alone in my dressing-room frequently. That I have missed several articles you yourself cannot deny. What became of my black silk-shawl which disappeared so mysteriously?"

"There was something singular in that, certainly," answered Maria, "but I cannot help thinking that my mad-cap cousin Kate who was visiting here at that time, had something to do with it."

"What in the world would Kate have done with my black silk shawl, or the gloves and collar which vanished at the same period? No, no, Maria, she had nothing to do with it, but Lucy Mills might easily have slipped them into her large work-basket."

"I cannot believe her guilty, mother."

Mrs. Atwood said no more, but her compressed lips and knit brows told of the bitter thoughts which were busy within.

That evening Lucy Mills came to return some needle-work, and receive a new supply.

"I have no more sewing for you at present," said Mrs. Atwood coldly, as she placed the scanty pittance in the hand of the pale girl, "here are your wages. I have always paid you punctually. I make it a point to be strictly honest in all my dealings. Honesty is the best policy. From youth it has always been my aim to walk in the path of rectitude, for, in the end, there is nothing gained by the slightest deviation."

"Have I offended you, Mrs. Atwood?" inquired Lucy, astonished at this bitter tone and manner, "will you please inform me how I have displeased you?"

"Not *now*," was the brief reply, "perhaps the time will come when we shall have a more lengthy conversation. You are at liberty to retire, Miss Mills."

Sadly retracing her steps homeward, the young girl pondered the words of the lady and endeavored to fathom their meaning in vain. The loss of Mrs. Atwood's patronage was indeed a misfortune as having been but a short time in the place. Lucy hoped, through her, to obtain a supply of needle-work for herself and her mother, as Mrs. Atwood would be able to recommend them to her numerous acquaintances.

At the door of her humble home, she was met by her little brother Frank, who had been eagerly watching for her. He looked earnestly in her face.

"Something ails Lucy," said he sadly, "she has been crying, mother, and the big tears are coming again. O, what is the matter, sister? tell Frank, won't you, Lucy? Frank loves you so dearly." The little fellow's arms were about her neck, and her kisses were showered upon her cheeks and brow.

"O, nothing, darling, Lucy is a little sad to-night. Everybody is sad sometimes, you know; there, the tears are all gone, Frankie," she said smiling. Her smiles restored the joy to the heart of the innocent child. Not until he was sweetly sleeping in his little bed, did Lucy reveal the cause of her despondency to her widowed mother.

"I am in want of a good seamstress," remarked a lady, shortly after this, to Mrs. Atwood. "Will you direct me to the young girl you frequently employ. Miss Mills, I believe you call her. I have seen her at your house, and her appearance pleased me."

"I feel some hesitation in recommending Lucy," replied Mrs. Atwood, "as I have myself dismissed her."

The lady looked surprised. "I have often heard you praise the neatness of her work, and her quick manner of performing it," she said.

"She is a good seamstress, certainly," said Mrs. Atwood, "but I am sorry, very sorry to say she is not altogether trust-worthy, I fear. I placed great confidence in Lucy Mills—more than I ought, considering she is almost a stranger here; she has disappointed me. Her character is not what I supposed."

"Ah! what a pity," remarked the other, "she is so young and so modest-looking. I really fancied her, and should have liked to assist her and her mother, but if she is not deserving I will seek elsewhere for a dress-maker; I have work enough to keep one busy a month."

"I do not accuse Lucy Mills, remember," said Mrs. Atwood, who felt that possibly she might be mistaken after all—"I only suspect her strongly. Appearances are against her; I have, I think, good reasons for dismissing her. I do not absolutely accuse her of theft, yet I must say, I have missed several articles, and could account in no other way for their disappearance. The temptation was very great probably; the family are extremely poor."

"Poverty is no excuse for dishonesty," said her companion.

"Nothing to do," said Lucy Mills, as she sat idly at the cottage window, "what will become of us, mother! Winter will soon be here. O, if I could only find employment how willingly would I labor day and night."

"It is very strange that those ladies who once gave you employment should now withhold it altogether," remarked her mother.

"It is, indeed," said Lucy, "I cannot imagine the reason. I think I do not deserve the cold treatment which I receive."

"My poor child" said the widow "this is an unfriendly world. Let us look to our heavenly parent; let us tell Him our wants. He will surely pity and relieve us." She fell upon her knees. Lucy and Frank knelt beside her and from that humble dwelling arose the prayer of faith, and He whose ear is never shut heard the petition and answered it.

"I have found my lost treasures," said Mrs. Atwood, entering the room where her daughter Maria sat "see, here is the box and it's contents quite safe. I was very carless and forgetful; I was in a hurry and laid the box in the first drawer I chanced to open, and then without thinking of it again, I piled a quantity of laces upon it. There it has laid undisturbed till now."

"Poor Lucy Mills," sighed Maria.

"I am sorry I suspected her of stealing," said Mrs. Atwood. Just then a servant entered and handed Maria a letter.

"Ah! from Kate," she said opening it "so my wild cousin has at length sobered down sufficiently to write. Let us hear what she has to say."

The letter was quite lengthy and Maria was much amused as she read it aloud.

"Finished at last," said she about to refold it—"but stop! here's a postscript, and a long one too. Have you patience to hear it, mother? I think it will unravel a mystery, and do more good than all the rest put together."

Thus ran the post script:

"One thing more, cousin Maria, ask Aunt Atwood if she has found her black silk shawl, lace collar and kid gloves. No doubt she missed them. Well, the secret is this. You and Aunt were both absent one day, and I was alone in the sitting-room. Suddenly I was startled by the entrance of a forlorn looking creature.—It was an Irish woman whose face was the picture of woe. 'Is the misthress gone' said she mournfully, 'Shure it's most unfortunit I am: shure if she was here she'd help me in my distress. Theres my poor baby lying could and dead, and the funeral is to be this afternoon, and not a dacent shawl have I to my back! O, the misthress would be after lending me one I know, for she's a good cratur and she niver refused me a favor yet.' I really pitied her, and when she went on to tell me how much you esteemed her and how often you lent her things to wear, I ran to your room and got some articles of dress for her, making her solemnly promise to return them safely that evening.—You know I was unexpectedly called away that afternoon to meet my father at this place, and I quite forgot to mention the circumstance.—Please forgive me for lending the things without leave. I can only plead "the plenitude of my benevolence led me astray."

Mrs. Atwood was astonished. She knew no such irish woman. Some impostor had taken the advantage of her absence and deceived Kate.

"Poor Lucy Mills!" again sighed Maria. "Lucy shall have justice done her" said Mrs. Atwood. "I will go to her immediately and confess my wrong."

This promise was kept, and as a result the sewing girl was restored to confidence and her mother and Frank were again happy. She found friends upon every side, for as she had been unjustly suspected, people pitied her. Mrs. Atwood was careful in future not to accuse a person until she had proof of guilt.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

RECORD MEMORIES.

NUMBER TWO.

In June 1843, a class of young ladies completed their education in one of the flourishing Seminaries of the South West, and the fact was announced, including the names with complimentary remarks, by the Editor of *the*———, who took pride in extolling the scholarship of Miss Marian Marr, to whom was awarded the first honor.

The associations clustering around this gifted young lady are so peculiar, that some of them will be mentioned. She was an orphan, and was indebted to the kindness of friends for her education.—Her principal teacher was a gentleman from Kentucky of fine literary acquirements, who edited a newspaper, and at the same time, by the assistance of his wife (a lady of superior merit) conducted an institution known as the Washington and Lafayette Female Academy, in the town of———. His pupils were numerous, so that he had to employ additional teachers, among whom was an English lady, whose pen at various times graced the literary Magazines of London and New York. But, Heaven in its wisdom saw fit to remove the principal of the Academy to another world. Amid the grief of family, pupils, patrons, and the whole community, this general favorite was laid in the grave. The English lady prepared the following inscription which I have often read on his tomb;

Hast thou proved thy honor clear?
Art thou from meanness free?
If not, pass on,—who resteth here,
Was not akin to thee.

Hast thou to Pride e'er bow'd thy head,
Or sycophantic been?
If so, pass on,—the humble dead,
Was not to thee akin.

Hath bigotry e'er touched thy breast,
And is thy soul severe?
Then God forgive thee! but depart,
Thou hast no kinsman here.

But if thy honor's slightest touch,
Is noticed and obeyed,
Then drop a tear, for even such
Was he who here is laid.

Art thou a votary of the *muse*,
By flowery fancy led?
Then drop a tear, (don't refuse!)
Behold thy brother's dead.

Hast thou a heart, kind and sincere?
And is thy spirit brave?
Then thy relative resteth here,
Tread lightly on his grave.

After graduation, Miss Marr was retained as a teacher, to supply the place of the English lady who had procured another situation as the head of a boarding School. Besides her literary cultivation, Miss M. was a splendid vocalist, and led the choir in the the Episcopal church, while Mr. P———, an accomplished German professor of music, presided at the organ. Her voice was rich and full of melody. Many persons attended worship to enjoy the delight of her singing.—But I must follow awhile the widow and orphans of the deceased Editor, her generous friend.

Mrs. R——(the widow) had two sons, both students in the University. The eldest was a poet, orator, and a most exquisite visionary; sarcastic, and ever growling at his fate. He went to Texas, and finding no field equal to his ambition, he put an end to his sorrows and his life by taking poison, in his twenty third year. The other son volunteered in the Mexican war, and was killed at the battle of Buena Vista. In Gen. Taylor's report to the War Department, the name of T. M. R——corporal in the "Mississippi Rifles," is among the slain. (See Executive Document, No. 1, for 1847, page 104.) The mother was then bereft of her gifted sons in the most painful manner. One fills a suicide's grave at Galveston, and the other sleeps on the gory battle field, his name occupying an honorable place on the roll of his country's fame.

A word more in relation to the mother. Within a reasonable time after the death of her sons, she was addressed by Judge R——of Texas, a gentleman of high position and great wealth, who had children grown, by a former marriage. The offer was not declined. But her new condition, to all appearance happy, soon brought fresh sorrows. Not many months had elapsed before the Judge died, leaving his property open to litigation between his children and their step-mother, which, in all such cases, is apt to be attended with much bitterness of feeling.—The heirs, however, ultimately agreed to settle twenty-five thousand dollars upon the widow by way of compromise to which she assented. On this estate she now reposes in comfort, a dignified and accomplished lady, near her daughter who married to advantage, with pledges of happiness growing up around her.

Here I must introduce a new character, a young gentleman from Virginia, who, while acting as clerk in a store, testified his confidence in my friendship by consulting me on a situation which had been tendered him in the Supreme Court of———. I advised him by all means to accept it, as being in the way of promotion; for I well knew that his sterling qualities would be appreciated. He yielded to my judgement, and in a few years, on the death of the clerk, (himself an old Virginian, and author of "Reports,") he succeeded that officer, with a goodly income. It was not long, however, before he was called to a still more lucrative office, the clerkship of the District court of the United States, from which in a few years he realized a clear profit of thirty thousand dollars, in chief part from proceedings in bankruptcy under the act of 1841, before its repeal by the next Congress. He was intelligent, moral, and a thrifty financier. Well qualified for the relation, he sought the lovely Miss Marr in matrimony, and she had the good sense to plight him at the altar. Increasing rapidly in fortune and in character, loved by every body, with wife and children to bless him almost above the common lot of humanity, the noble Albert G.———died suddenly about twelve months ago. He was my bosom friend, and I mourned him as a brother.

But the record of affliction is still incomplete. Marian G.———(for such I designate her after matriage) had a brother of rare endowments, also a destitute orphan. When a boy, acting in a Thespian company, his talent brought him to the notice of Mr. Loyd, a worthy tailor, who became his patron, and defrayed his expenses through a full College course.—On all occasions where speaking was the standard, whether in Junior exhibitions or in Sophomore prize oratory, young Marr was the first character in the class. He graduated with *eclat*, and delivered a valedictory, far the most finished and admired of any ever before witnessed in the institution. In due time, he was admitted to the Bar; but he had scarcely opened an office when a call was made for volunteers in the Mexican war. He raised a company, was elected captain, and was present with his command in most of the battles under Gen. Scott from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico. His gallantry in the service secured him the praise and confidence of all.

Returning home, Captain Marr devoted himself mainly to politics, supporting the democratic party on the stump and with his pen in a most brilliant manner. He took charge of a newspaper and gave his opponents much trouble by his pungent editorials. In the campaign of 1856, he was nominated on the electoral ticket for President and Vice President of the United States. Most industriously did he maintain the canvass, and in his own Congressional district, which at the previous election had given the American candidate six hundred majority, he traversed it with such effort, telling his popular stories, and declaiming in his inimitable style, that a majority of two thousand votes was declared for Buchanan. This triumph went the rounds of the democratic press, and was published in the Washington Union, where it met the eye of leading politicians. He was indeed a splendid orator, one of the very best in the country.

On a literary occasion he had been selected to address the Societies at commencement in the place of a gentleman, who had prepared his oration, but who died a few days before the time for its delivery. Captain Marr procured the manuscript, read it to the large and fashionable audience after a suitable introduction, and then pointing to the banners of the society draped in mourning, he traced the deceased orator through his bright career in the College, and as the founder of the Society which he had been chosen to represent. As a composition this closing effort was of the highest rank, and the solemn manner and deep pathos of the speaker dissolved the whole audience in tears. It was a signal triumph of genius.

Whilst dwelling on his other qualifications, it may be stated that Captain Marr was the equal of any writer in sketching humorous characters and incidents, as will be admitted by those who have read the several articles in Porter's "Spirit of the Times," over the signature of "OMEGA."

But it is time to close this record. In January, 1858, I saw Captain Marr in the city of Washington, awaiting the decision of the President in regard to a diplomatic appointment for which all the democratic members of the Legislature and the Governor of ——— had signed an address in his favor. At length he was nominated to the Senate and confirmed as consul to Melbourne, in Australia. On the passage to his destination he died of sun-stroke, and with the honors due his rank in the public service, his body was committed to the waves of the ocean. The Secretary of State officially announced his death, and the citizens of the town where the deceased lived from his boyhood held a large public meeting in honor of his memory. Thus passed away in his meridian one of the most remarkable men of the age, as Judge C———, of the Supreme Court of the United States, Gov. F———, President of the Senate, and other distinguished men who knew him well can testify.

My task is performed in grouping together these eventful passages in the history and experience of an orphan girl. What glowing pictures might be drawn of the flowers and brambles in the path of each fair being who sets out in life educated and happy? The idea is at least suggestive of many curious reflections.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

Lines to Winter.

BY MRS. M. D. WILLIAMS.

Old Winter of the chill and frozen mein,
I'm weary of thy unrelenting reign,
I'm weary, waiting for the voice of spring,
The rippling stream, the way side blossoming
Of lovely flowers, to greet the passer by,
The soft green grass, the blue and tranquil sky.

And yet not all unjoyous hast thou been—
Full many a heart hath blest thy social reign,
Whom fortune's smile hath favored; but the poor,
Who mental pain and poverty endure,
Are also weary, waiting for the time
Of genial skies and blossoms of the vine.

Not all unwelcome hast thou been to me—
Some lone sweet musings I have had with thee;
Some fireside joys with book or social friend,
Whose views of happiness with mine would blend,
And yet my weary spirit pineth now
To feel the breath of spring pass o'er my brow.

Old Winter, with thy storms and chilling blast,
Thy days are numbered—thou wilt soon be past;
Thy hours of joy to some, to others pain,
Are passing from our midst, and spring's soft reign
Will burst thy fetters, and the wild and free
Rejoice with man in nature's liberty!

Webster, Mich.

LEARN TO SPELL.—"The benefits of correct spelling may be learned from the fact, which appears by the official canvass of the votes cast for Governor last November, that several hundred votes were not counted for either candidate, on account of the 'wrong spelling of names.'"

The above was clipped from a newspaper, and relates to the State of New York.

If the judges at our elections were to reject votes for the same reason, how many would lose their votes? We will make this an occasion of mentioning a method of teaching the art of spelling practiced in one of the large schools at the North; and probably in many of them.

The teacher in the morning writes upon the black board, the lesson for the day; this is copied by the pupils and the definitions learned during the day. In the evening the lesson is put out by the teacher; the words are spelled by the class, and at the same time, each one *writes down* the words in a blank book kept for the purpose; these books are inspected by the teacher, and the mistakes corrected. The advantages of this plan are:

1. The *form* of the word is presented to the eye.
2. The *sound* of it strikes the ear.
3. The *meaning* of it is associated with it.
4. The *hand* is employed in writing it down.

All these help to impress it upon the memory. The disadvantages are, it is a slow process, and requires much time and labor from the teacher.

N. C. Journal of Education.

THE TIMES

GREENSBOROUGH, N. C.

Positive Arrangement.

Subscribers receiving their papers with a cross mark are notified thereby that their subscription will expire in four weeks, and unless renewed within that time their names will be erased from the mail book.

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☞ No paper sent unless the money accompanies the order, nor will the paper be sent longer than paid for. ☜

☞ Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

GRIFFITH J. MCREE, ESQR.—In noticing the intended publication in the Times of the sketch of the late Lieut. Wm. H. Wright, by Mr. McRee, of Wilmington, the Daily Herald pays him the following highly deserved compliment:

One of the best literary papers that we know of, is the "Times," published at Greensboro', in this State. It is infinitely superior both in appearance and in the ability with which it is conducted, to a large majority of those Northern publications which are so liberally patronised by our people. Contributions from the most eminent writers of our State, and from other portions of the country weekly adorn its columns. We notice that a memoir of the late Lieut. Wm. Henry Wright of this town, whose early and untimely death cast such a shadow over our community at the time, and whose memory is still enshrined in the hearts of a large circle of relations and friends, will appear in the next number, from the pen of our townsman Griffith J. McRee, Esq. We know of no one more competent to do justice to the subject, than that gentleman. Familiar with the history of our State and her prominent men, and gifted by nature with an intellect of a high order, improved and enlarged by study, we are very sure that we but give expression to the desire universally felt, that Mr. McRee would continue thus to employ his leisure hours.

That the memoir of which we have spoken will be interesting and instructive we have no doubt, it could not well be otherwise coming from such a source.

MR. MILLER'S LECTURE.—We are requested by the Ladies to say that H. W. Miller, Esq., will deliver his lecture in the Presbyterian Church, Friday night, 4th inst., the proceeds to be appropriated to the fund of the Mount Vernon Association.

JULIA SOUTHALL.—Our readers are on the threshold of rich scenes to come. The inimitable Julia Southall is on a tour of observation, and all her letters are to be published in The Times; the initial number is given this week, and we shall do no more than call the readers' attention to the subject, leaving them to the care of the tourist in the future.

TRINITY COLLEGE.—All mail matter intended for what was once Normal College, should now be directed to Trinity College, the Legislature having changed the name of the College, and the Post Master General having changed the name of the office.

☞ Our readers will remember the two poems published in the Times last week, the one by Eliza Cook and the other by Finley Johnson. There was a striking resemblance between the two, and a correspondent thought Mr. Johnson *might* be accused of plagiarism, and called his attention to the subject. We have the following letter in reply;

BALTIMORE, Feb. 26th, 1859.

Dear Times:—Never having the pleasure of perusing *that poem* of Miss Cook's, you can judge of my surprise at noticing that I had incurred the *suspicion* of your correspondent as being a *plagiarist*. I pledge you my *word of honor* as a gentleman, that at *no time* prior to writing *my own* piece, did I see the one it resembles. I have too much at stake to risk all upon copying any one's ideas, and no one looks upon a plagiarist with more contempt and scorn than I do.

My article was composed at the request of a young lady, who gave me *her ideas* and expressed a wish that I would put them in verse. I did so, and am sorry to see that any one should raise up a mountain out of a mole hill. I sincerely believe that the ideas of the young lady were *original*, and do not, like *some others*, suspicion plagiarism where a little similarity exists. I return my thanks to your correspondent, and hope that he will hereafter cultivate the spirit of charity, and not go about seeking for *flaws* in another's character.

Yours truly, FINLEY JOHNSON.

Among the personal topics of Washington society just now are three fashionable weddings, all to take place within a month, viz: Mr. Eustis, member of Congress from Louisiana, to Miss Corcoran, of Washington, daughter of the banker, already widely published; Mr. Riggs, of Washington, to Miss Bright, daughter of the Senator from Indiana; Mr. Baylor, of Alabama, to Miss Gwin, daughter of the Senator from California.

Marrying an Editor.

For the amusement of every body, except the lady whose beau is an Editor.

Yes, I'm Mrs. Peter Snow, an editor's wife. I well remember the day when Mr. Snow asked me to become his wife. I confess, I liked Mr. Snow, and, thinking it would be a very fine thing to be the wife of an editor, I said '*yes*,' as pretty as I knew how, and I became Mrs. Snow; I have seen ten years of married life, and find my husband to be an amiable good natured man. He always spends his evenings at home, and is, in that respect a model man; but he always brings home a pile of exchanges, which is only limited by the length of his arms, and reads, while I patch the knees and elbows of our boy's pantaloons and coat. After we have had a Quaker meeting of an hour's length, I break the silence by asking;

"Mr. Snow, did you order that coal I spoke to you about?"

"What did you say, my dear?" he asks, after a few moments' silence.

"Did you order that coal I spoke to you about?

"Indeed, my dear, I am sorry, but I forgot all about it. It shall come to-morrow."

Another hour's silence, which is relieved by the baby's crying, and, rather liking to hear a noise of some sort, I made no effort to quiet him.

"My dear," says Mr Snow after he has cried a minute or so, "you had better give the baby some catnip tea to quiet him, he troubles me."

The baby is still; another hour passes without a breath of noise. Becoming tired of silence I take a lamp, and retire for the night, leaving Mr. Snow so engaged with his paper that he does not see me leave the room. Towards midnight he comes to bed, and just as he has fallen to sleep, the baby takes a notion to cry again. I rise as quietly as possible, and try to still him. While I am walking the room with a small Snow in my arms, our next—a boy of three years—begins to scream at the top of his lungs. What can I do? There is no other course but to call Mr. Snow, so I call out;

"Mr. Snow! Mr. Snow!"

The third time he starts up, and replies "What! Tim, more copy?"

As though I was Tim, that little imp running about the office. I reply, rather tartly:

"No, I don't want any copy—I have had enough of that to last me my life time—I want you to see what Tommy is crying about."

Mr. Snow makes a desperate effort to rouse himself; as Tommy stops to take a breath, he falls asleep again, leaving me to pace the room in as much vexation as I can comfortably contain. The next morning at breakfast, when I give Mr. Snow an account of the last night's adventure, he replies:

"Indeed my dear I am very sorry the children trouble you."

This is always the way. If I complain, it is, "indeed, my dear I am very sorry." But should the very same thing occur the subsequent night directly before his eyes, very likely he would not see or know anything about it, unless it happened to interrupt his train of ideas. Then he would propose catnip tea; but before I can get it into the infant's stomach, he will be far away into the realms of thought leaving me not a little vexed at his stupidity.

Mr. Snow knows the name of every paper published in England and the United States, but he cannot, for the life of him, tell the names of his children. He knows precisely the years of every American journal, but he does not know the age of his own baby. He knows how every contributor looks, but I do not believe he can tell whether my eyes are black or blue.

The world says Mr. Snow is getting rich. All I know is, he gives me money to clothe our boys and that, too, without a complaint of poverty. I hope the world is right in opinion, and, when I am satisfied it is, I shall advise him to resign his editorial honors, and spend a few months in becoming acquainted with his wife and children. The little ones will feel much flattered in making the acquaintance of so literary a man.

A paper is published at Buchanan, Botetourt county, Va., called the "Last Rose of Summer."

TO LADIES, WRITING LETTERS:—If you write to any one with whom you are not personally or intimately acquainted, it is not enough to give the initials of your name, nor even if you write your name in full. If the latter case, it would not be difficult to decide that the writer was a lady, but it would be difficult to tell whether she was married or single. And since it is often important to know, we suggest that ladies always prefix to their names, Mrs. or Miss as the case may be.

SOMETHING WANTING:—All young men who would have the respect of the ladies, should bear in mind it is highly improper to congregate around the church doors, before and after services, as it is often embarrassing to the ladies, and they mark every such young man, setting him down as deficient in something. We say then, do not stand around the doors. If it be before services, go in and take your seats; if after, and you have no young lady in charge, go home.

Private Corner.

J. B. G.—You will, with practice make an interesting writer. Do not become discouraged by an occasional failure to meet the public eye. We will publish "The Orphan Boy."....S. J. C. W.—All safe and in good time. We shall do our very best, be assured.....No. 3 of "Record Memories" received. As they grow in interest, we hope they will be continued as you may find time... ..... WANDERER:—Another unframed picture. We shall commence hanging them *out* in a short time.

The President has called a session of the United States Senate, to convene at the Capital, in the city of Washington, on the 4th day of March, 1859, at 12 o'clock M., on Executive business.

MARRIED,

In Greensboro', on the 23d ult., by Rev. L. S. Burkhead, Mr. JOHN C. CLENDENIN and Miss MARY M. WOOLLEN,

May joy's bright beams illume their path,
And flowers strew their way,
And never shade of sorrow come
To blight Love's happy ray!

On the 17th ult., at Gov. Reid's, in Rockingham county, by Rev. E. Dodson, Mr. ABSELOM REED, Esq., of Hillsdale, N. C., and Miss ANNIE C., youngest daughter of the late Reuben Reid, Esq.

DIED,

In Madison, Rockingham county, N. C., on Saturday morning, the 19th ult., of typhoid pneumonia, after an illness of five days, DAVID R. ADAMS, in the 18th year of his age.

The death of this estimable youth has thrown a deep and heavy gloom over the minds of his relations and numerous friends. At the time of his decease he was a student of Beulah Institute, and by his urbane manners and correct deportment had won the highest esteem of his teachers and the warm unwavering attachment of his fellow students. The associates of his early youth have lost a cherished friend. Gifted with a sprightly intellect, genial disposition and warm attachments, it is not strange that he was universally beloved. Though he had never professed a conversion to religion, the subject had often received his serious attentions. During his sickness he was frequently engaged in fervent prayer, and finally passed away to the spirit land as calmly as if he were sinking into the arms of sleep. His friends entertain the blissful hope that their loss is his eternal gain. COM.

COMMERCIAL.

GREENSBORO' MARKET, Mar. 2.

Reported expressly for the Times

Bacon 12½@13; Beef 4@5; Beeswax 20; Butter 15 @; Coffee 14a16, Candles, Tallow 22 @25, Adamantine 37@40, Sperm 55@60; Corn 80@0 Meal 80@00; Chickens 10 @15; Eggs 6a8; Feathers 40@45; Flour 5.00@6.00 Flaxseed 1.00; Hides, green 5, dried 10; Hay 50@60; Lard 12½@15; Molasses 40@50; Nails 6@7; Oats 40; Peas, yellow 75@00, white 75@1.00; Pork 8.00@ 8.50; Rags 2½@; Rice 8@00; Salt 2.25@ 2.50; Sugar, Brown 10@12½, loaf 18¾, crushed 16¾, clarified 14; Tallow 12½@15; Wheat 80@1.00, Wool 25@30.

NORFOLK MARKET, Feb. 24th.

Reported expressly for the Times.

By Rowland & Bros., Commission Merchant

Flour, Family	$7.25	*Flaxseed*,...	1.35
Extra.....	6.85	*Beeswax*,.....	30
Superfine..	6 25	*Dried Apples*, ₱ bu. of	
Corn, Mixed&W.	79	28lbs...	2.00a2.25
Yellow.....	82a83	" *Peaches*, 40lbs. ₱	
Wheat, White	1.50	bu.....	5.00a5.75
Red.....	1.30a1.40	*Bacon*, W. sho'ld	9
Cotton,.....	10¾a11¼	do. Sides	11
Peas, Black Eye	1.32½	N. C. & Va. Hog	
Red & Black	90a1.00	round.	11
Lard, N.C.&V.no.1	14	*Staves*, R.O. hhd	30
do do 2...	13½	W.O. pipe.	50
Fish, Mackerel 1.	12.50	do hhd	40
do No 2.	11.00	do bbl.	28
do 3.	10.00		

REMARKS.—Flour receipts are good, and sales are readily made at prices quoted; small supply on hand. Corn receipts are fair, but the demand exceeds the supply, and sales each day are made of all in the market at full prices. Cotton—The market has a fair supply, but the article is rather heavy—there is no life in it. Peas, Blk-Eye, are received in small lots; sales at quotations. Dried Fruit—Apples are wanted, and sell readily. Peaches are neglected and more difficult of sale.

New Advertisements.

Rates of Advertising.

The Times is one of the best mediums for advertising in the South, but only a few select advertisements will be inserted. One square of ten lines [or 100 words] for one week $1.00; for each additional week fifty cents. In favor of standing advertisements we make the following liberal deductions:

	3 MONTHS.	6 MONTHS.	1 YEAR
One square,	$ 5.00	$ 8.00	$12.00
Two squares,	9.00	15.00	22.00
Three "	12.00	20.00	30.00
Half column	15.00	25.00	36.00
One column	15.00	50.00	60.00

Professional and business Cards, not exceeding five lines—per annum,.....$5.00

THE ADAMS' EXPRESS COMPANY.—This old established and reliable Company having Express facilities over the NORTH CAROLINA RAILROAD,

are prepared to receive and forward all description of freight and valuables to and from all points on this Road.

The facilities possessed by this Company for the prompt forwarding and quick delivery of matter entrusted to them, to all receivable points in the United States, and the early delivery of freights by Steamer Express from New York, semi-weekly and daily inland Express from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Richmond, Norfolk and Petersburg, offer great inducements to merchants to obtain their spring stocks quickly.

For further particulars apply to Messrs. J. R. & J. SLOAN, who have been appointed Agents at Greensboro', N. C.

W. H. TREGO,
mar 5—4t *Superintendent.*

Professional Cards.

GEO. W. COTHRAN,
ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,
at Law, Lockport, Niagara County, N. Y.
105–tf.

J. W. HOWLETT, D.D.S. | J. F. HOWLETT.
J. W. HOWLETT & SON,
DENTISTS, Greensboro, N. C.
1–1y.

JOHN W. PAYNE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Having permanently located in Greensboro, N. C., will attend the Courts of Randolph, Davidson, and Guilford, and promptly attend to the collection of all claims placed in his hands.
Jan. 8, 1857. 53–1y.

J. W. EVANS'
NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE and Cheap Book-Store, 10 Pearl Street,
Richmond, Va.
Subscriptions received for the Times.

BOOKS! BOOKS!!
THE STOCK OF BOOKS, &c., belonging to the late firm of E. W. Ogburn & Co., are now offered **at Cost!** Merchants and others, engaged in the sale of BOOKS, will do well to call and examine for themselves, as the stock on hand must be sold for the purpose of **Closing up the Concern.**
☞ All persons indebted to the firm must call and settle. JAMES W. DOAK,
Surviving Partner.
March 22, 1858. (115–tf.

MARBLE WORKS
By GEORGE HEINRICH,
Manufacture of Monuments, Tombs, Head-Stones, &c., at reduced prices, near the Depot, Greensboro, N. C,
☞ Orders from a distance promptly filled.
February, 1858. 110:1y

LAST NOTICE. Those indebted to the firm of E. W. OGBURN, CO., must settle by the 15th, of December or their accounts will be placed into the hands of an officer. JAS. W. DOAK,
136—tf. Surviving Partner.

GREAT BARGAINS!!!
AS WE ARE DETERMINED TO close our business, we offer our entire stock of Ready-Made Clothing and Furnishing Goods at astonishingly low prices. Those in want of any of the above mentioned articles will find it to their utmost interest to give us an early call. We warrant to sell *fifty per cent cheaper* than any other house in this market.
S. ARCHER & CO.
Those indebted to S. Archer, or S. Archer & Co., are hereby earnestly requested to make payment.

LOOK AT THIS.
R. L. DONNELL is taking pictures AT FIFTY CENTS. He invites all to come and give him a fair showing and he will insure them good pictures, or NO CHARGE WILL BE MADE.
Rooms formerly occupied by Scott & Gorrell, second story Garrett's brick building, West Market, Greensboro, N. C. 39–1y.

GEORGE HOSLER,
THE BARBER,
From Fayetteville, N. C., having opened shop in room No. 9 in the Brittain House, will Shave, Shampoon and trim Hair, on reasonable terms. He will always be found at home.
Greensboro, N. C., Feb. 15 '59. (7:4w.)

OTTO HUBER, JEWELLER AND *Watchmaker*, West Market, Greensboro', N. C.—Has on hand, and is receiving a splendid and well selected stock, of fine and fashionable Jewelry, of every description, among which may be found several magnificent sets of coral Jewelry.
He has also a stock of fine Gold and Silver Watches.
All repairing done in the best manner and warranted.
All persons purchasing Jewelry will do well to call on him, before purchasing elsewhere, as he is confident, that he can sell as good bargains as can be bought in this market.
August, 1st., 1858. 134—tf.

Read Prospectus of Journal Education.

Business Cards.

JAMES S. PATTERSON,
PRACTICAL DESIGNER AND ENGRAVER ON WOOD, No. 1 Spruce Street, opposite city hall, New York.
Country orders carefully attended to.
Feb. 1859. 6–1y

NEW FIRM.
PORTER & GORRELL, Successors to
T. J. Patrick,
Wholesale and Retail DRUGGISTS.
Greensboro, N. C. [4—1y]

HODGES BROTHERS,
23 Hanover Street,
BALTIMORE.
(White Iron Front Warehouse)

Importers of Hosiery, Gloves, Embroideries, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Shawls, Crapes, Laces, and a numerous variety of other articles, and wholesale dealers in American Fancy Goods and Notions.

Our warehouse, which we built expressly for our own use, contains six floors, each 30 ✕ 160 feet, and the large stock and extensive assortment which we keep, require its entire occupancy. No house in any of the Northern Cities, jobbing goods to the country, can present the same combined advantages to the country merchant, as our stock is not only large, but obtained upon conditions which will defy competiton.

We contract with the Manufacturers for all the American articles we sell, and send a buyer to Europe regularly twice a year, to select our Foreign goods. We are enabled thereby to offer great advantages in prices, as well as to get up a stock at all times replete with the newest and most desirable goods.

Merchants in good credit are invited to examine our stock when they next visit Baltimore, and they will promote their own interest by doing so.

Orders by mail carefully excuted when accompanied by satisfactory references.
Feb. 1859. 6–3m

ESTABLISHED IN 1798,
A. MORRIS, *Richmond, Va.*, Publisher, and Wholesale Dealer in Books, Paper, Stationery, Piano Fortes, Melodions Music and Musical Merchandise, begs to invite the attention of country dealers, to his stock of *Books, Stationery, and Pianos*, embracing the largest and most general assortment to be found in any one establishment South of New York, and will be sold upon terms as liberal and accommodating.
A. M. publishes many of the *Standard Virginia Law Books*, and can furnish the legal profession with all Standard Law Books, including the Virginia and New York State Reports, at the *Publisher's Lowest Prices*. School Teachers and the Trade supplied at as liberal discount.
Books and Music sent by mail.
Orders from the country will receive prompt attention. (4:2m)

ROWLAND & BROTHERS;
Comission Merchants, Norfolk, Va.
ARE prepared to receive and dispose of, advantageously, any quantity of flour from Orange, Alamance, Guilford and neighboring counties. Many years experience with every facility and ability enables us to guarantee satisfaction and promptness in all sales. We have sold for, and refer to among others:—P. C. Cameron, W. J. Bingham, Orange; Hon. T. Ruffin, J. Newlin & Sons, Alamance; J. H. Haughton, Chatham: White & Cameron, C. Phifer & Co., Concord; C. F. Fisher, Salisbury; E. G. Reade, Person: W. J. Holmes, Rowan.
☞ Authorized agents for the *Times*, to receive subscriptions, etc. 6:1y

WASHINGTON HOTEL.
Change of Proprietors.
Broad street, Newbern, N. C. JOHN F. JONES, Proprietor.
The undersigned respectfully announces to the travelling public that he has taken charge of this old and popular establishment, and is now prepared to accommodate travellers and private families with board by the day or month on the most accommodating **terms.**
His TABLE will always be furnished with the best provisions that home and foreign markets can afford.
The **Washington Hotel** has large rooms, is nearer the Depot, the Court House and the busines streets than any other in the city.
An Omnibus will always be at the Depot and Landing on the arrival of the cars and steamboat to convey passengers to the Hotel free of all charge.
By stopping at this Hotel passengers will have ample time to obtain meals.
Having also a large and commodious Stable and an excellent OSTLER; he is fully prepared to board horses by the day, week or month at the most reasonable rates.
JOHN F. JONES.
January 1st.–1y.

SPRING IMPORTATION 1859.
ARMSTRONG, CATOR & CO.
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF
RIBBONS, MILLINERY,
SILK GOODS, FLOWERS, RUCHE, FLATS,
—AND—
Straw Bonnetts,
No. 237 Baltimore Street,
BETWEEN CHARLES AND HANOVER STS.
BALTIMORE.
Offer a Stock unequaled in the United States in variety, extent and cheapness.
(5::3m pd.)

TO THE PUBLIC.—The undersigned being well known as a writer, would offer his services to all those requiring literary aid. He will write Orations, Addresses, Essays, Presentation speeches and replies, prepare matter for the Press, write Acrostics, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, and in fact attend to every species of correspondence. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address, FINLEY JOHNSON,
107tf Baltimore, Md.

News from Europe.

ENGLAND.

OPENING OF PARLIAMENT:—Queen Victoria opened Parliament in person on the 3d. The speech commenced with congratulations on the state of the country, and on the progress made in India. On foreign affairs it says: "I receive from all foreign Powers assurances of friendly feelings. To cultivate and confirm these feelings, to maintain inviolate the faith of our public treaties, and contribute to, as far as my influence can extend, the preservation of general peace are the objects of my unceasing solicitude." The conclusion of the treaties in regard to the Principalities, and one of commerce with Russia, are noticed, and the latter is referred to as an indication of the complete re-establishment of friendship between the two countries. The treaties with China and Japan are mentioned as promising great commercial advantages.

WAR TO BE MADE ON MEXICO.—In respect to Mexico the speech says: "The state of the republic of Mexico, distracted by civil wars, has induced me to carry my forbearance to the utmost limit in regard to the wrongs and indignities to which British residents have been subjected at the hands of the two contending parties They have at length been carried to such an extent that I have been compelled to give instructions to the commander of the naval forces in those seas to demand, and, if necessary, to enforce reparation."

FRANCE.

MORE WARLIKE PREPARATIONS:—The Paris correspondent of the *Daily News* states, in his letter of Thursday, the 27th, that the warlike preparations are going on so actively that the breaking out of hostilities would seem to be not a question of weeks, but of days. The demand for cavalry is so urgent that orders have been given to buy horses nine years old. Letters from Toulon state that sixty-two war transports are to be ready for the 1st of March.

Companies of artillery, with five-sixths of their men, are excused from regular duty to make cartridges. All the aide-major surgeons in the military hospitals of Paris and Marseilles are ordered to be in readiness for active service, and are replaced by young surgeons, and numerous other warlike preparations are being made. A letter from Grenoble speaks of the continued arrival of troops, and the formation of a *corps d'armes* on the Alps.

THE EMPEROR'S VIEWS.—In his speech to the French Legislature on the 7th instant, the Emperor referred to the existing agitation, and declared it to be without any apparent and imminent danger. He expressed regret at the prevailing disquietude, and pointed to his peaceful policy, as a proof of his moderation. He reiterated his old declaration, that "The Empire is peace," which peace could only be disturbed for the defense of great national interests. He spoke with strong approbation of the past effects, and continued existence, of the alliance with Great Britian. He expressed the hope that peace would not be disturbed by the existing causes of dissatisfaction with Austria. Notwithstanding its pacific nature, the effect of this speech was unfavorable.

The number of ships of war in commission at French ports is two hundred. Six floating batteries, to be navigable like ships, are to be constructed. It is generally believed that war will commence before the end of the year.

It is reported that Austria has agreed to withdraw from the Roman States, on condition that France will do the same. This will remove one of the causes of misunderstanding.

SPAIN.

The Queen of Spain has granted the Cross of Knight Commander of the Royal American Order of Isabel, the Catholic, to Mr. Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph. Her Majesty, wishing to render the grace more complete, has ordered the insignia to be transmitted to the grantee. Mr. Morse is at present at Arropa, in Puerto Rico, where one of his daughters, who married a rich planter, is living. He is associated with the project of a transatlantic telegraph line to connect Cadiz with Cuba.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 25.

Important Rumor Concerning Mexico.—There is a rumor to-day that all the available naval force of the Government has been ordered to the Gulf of Mexico, including the sloop of war Vincennes.

The rumor seems to be strengthened by the remark of the Chairman of the Committee of the Ways and Means to-day, that this American sea belongs to us, and that we must and will exercise control over it.

The next arrival from Mexico will, it is anticipated, bring highly important intelligence in connection with the French and English fleets, requiring a larger force of American vessels in the Gulf than heretofore.

The Minister from Mexico had a long interview with Gen. Cass yesterday.

Mrs. Gen. Gaines has been voted by Congress a pension of $50 per month.

The Ohio River Booming.

The Ohio river hereabouts, if nowhere else, may emphatically be characterized as "on a swell." At the foot of Broadway the steamers *Jacob Strader* and *David Gibson* are poking their noses with unusual familiarity towards the second story of the Spencer House, and at no great distance from that popular Hotel either. Along what is known as "Sausage Row" the occupants have been compelled to vacate their premises without ceremony, the water having filled the cellars and the basements.

The cellars of the stores on Front street, and farther along in the same direction, west, the small buildings along the banks, occupied as stables and out buildings, have generally been flooded.

The Licking river, which enters into the Ohio opposite this city, has overflowed its banks, and compelled the residents along its margin to vacate the lower stories of their dwellings.

The banks of the river, for a distance of two or three miles, presented throughout the entire day, yesterday, one of the most animated scenes which has been witnessed in many a year. Thousands upon thousands of men, women and children were constantly upon the banks, or covered the floats and coal wood boats along the levee. The streets leading to the river presented a continual throng of people on their way to take a look at the Ohio "on a swell." The appearance was more like that of a gala day than Sabbath, and notwithstanding the wind was strong and piercing, the crowd was not lessened in numbers from morning till night.

The *Jacob Strader*, from Louisville, brings discouraging accounts for the river hence to and at Louisville. Big Miami and Kentucky rivers are unusually high and rising rapidly. At Lawrenceburg the water was up into the town, and in the lower part skiffs were brought into requisition to go from house to house. Vevay was in a similar predicament. Warsaw is almost entirely surrounded by water for miles can be seen. The entire country is represented to be under water, and fences and trees swept off in large quantities.

At Louisville, the water is up into the houses along Water street, and up to the Third street bridge. Captain Fisher, who arrived from New Orleans yesterday via rail from Cairo, informs us that the rains on the prairies and along the Wabash valley have been very great, and that the almost entire country is under water. Wabash, Green and White rivers were at flood height, and at Vincennes reports were made of heavy damages to farms along the Wabash valley. All the prairie roads were overflowed, especially along the Illinois, Alton, Terre Haute and Indianapolis routes. The railroad tracks could not be seen, and trains appeared to be plowing or sailing through a sea of waters.—*Cincinnati Gaz. 21st.*

CARROLLTON, Mississippi, was visited recently by a very destructive fire, loss about $13,000. No insurance.

1859. **For Every Body!** 1859.

The Largest, the Cheapest,

THE BEST!!

The Times;

AN ILLUSTRATED SOUTHERN FAMILY PAPER;

Commenced its Fourth Volume 1st January, 1859. Enlarged to eight pages, beautifully **ILLUSTRATED** and printed on the finest article of white paper, with a new Press and new Copper-faced Type—thus making it the largest and neatest paper published in the South; and equal in every respect to any similar paper published in Philadelphia or New York.

☞ **TERMS** in advance: 1 copy $2; 6 copies $10; 10 copies $15; 50 copies $50 ☜ And One Copy to the Getter up of a Club.

Specimen copies sent gratis, on application.

Address, COLE & ALBRIGHT,
Greensboro, N. C.

☞ Editors will confer a favor by inserting or noticing. ☜

JACOB T. BROWN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
HIGH POINT, N. C.,

☞ Will attend to any business entrusted to his care. 111:1y

D. W. ELLIOTT,
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL Painter,
GREENSBORO, N. C.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD Most respectfully call the attention of the public to their large and attractive supply of **FALL** and **WINTER GOODS,** consisting in part of **Dry Goods, Groceries, Ready-Made Clothing &c.** Their stock was selected with great care, and not having very expensive families to support, they flatter themselves that they can sell at such prices as will insure satisfaction to those who may extend to them their patronage.
October 25, '58. COLE & AMIS.

VISITING CARDS.
R. G. STAPLES,
CARD WRITER, Portsmouth, Va., solicits orders. Cards containing two lines or less, written and forwarded prepaid for $1.50 per pack. Cards of more than two lines, $2.00 per pack prepaid to the address of those ordering

CATALOGUE OF FRESH GARDEN SEEDS, for sale by PORTER & GORRELL, successors to Dr. T. J. Patrick; Greensborough, N. C.

Asparagus.—Giant, Purple Top.

Dwarf Beans.—Early China, Early White Marrow, Early Valentine, Early Yellow Six Weeks, Early Mohawk, Early Large White Kidney, Early Refugee, or 1000 to 1, Early Succotash.

Pole Beans.—Large Lima, or Butter, White Cranberry, Scieva, or Small Lima, White Dutch Runner, Red Cranberry.

Beet.—Best Early Blood Turnip, Extra Early Blood Turnip, Extra Early Flat Bassano, Early Scarcity, Early Yellow Turnip Beet, Long Blood Red, White Sugar, Mangel Wurtzel.

Brocoli.—Early White, Early Purple, Large Purple Cape, White Cape, or Cauliflower, Brussells Sprouts.

Cabbage.—Early York, Early Sugar Loaf, Early Flat Battersea, Large French Oxheart, Wethersfield Prem. Flat Dutch, Nonpariel, Large Flat Battersea, Large Flat Dutch, Large late American Drumhead, Large Bergen, Large English Drumhead, True Green Glazed, Fine Drumhead Savoy, Green Globe Savoy, Red Dutch, for pickling.

Cauliflower.—Early London, Large Late Asiatic, extra.

Carrot.—Long Orange, Large White Field, Blood Red, or Purple.

Celery.—Cole's Superb Dwarf. Seymour's Superb, White Solid, New Silver Giant, Large Manchester Red Solid.

Cress.—Curled, or Peppergrass, Broad Leaf Garden, Water, or Winter.

Cucumber.—Early Frame, Early Russian, *earliest known*, Early Cluster, London Long Green, for pick'g, Short Green Prickly, Extra Long Green Turkey, Gherkin, or Burr, for pickling.

Egg Plant.—Early Long Purple, White.

Indian Corn.—Early Sweet, Large Sweet, or Sugar, Evergreen Sweet, Early White Flint.

Lettuce.—Early Curled Silesia, Early White Cabbage, or Butter, Fine Imperial Head, Large Green Head, Ice Head, Ice Cos, London White Cabbage,

Melon.—Pine Apple, Green Citron, Nutmeg, Large Yellow Cantalope, Large Musk.

Watermelon.—Mountain Sprout, Mountain Sweet, large and fine, Long Island, Citron, for Preserves.

Mustard.—White or English, Brown, Nasturtium.

Onion.—Extra Early Red, Wethersfield Large Red, Yellow Silver Skin, White Portugal.

Okra.—Long White, Short Green.

Parsley.—Plain, or Common, Curled, or Double, Myatt's Garnishing.

Parsnip.—Long Smooth, or Sugar, extra.

Pepper.—Long Cayenne, Large Squash, or Tomato, Large Bull Nose, or Bell, Large Sweet Mountain.

Peas.—J. R. & Co., *earliest known*, Extra Early May, very early, Early Frame, or June, 2d early, Early D'ble Blossom Frame, Eng., Large White Marrowfat, Black Eyed Marrowfat, Dwarf Sugar, Eatable Pod.

Pumpkin.—Connecticut Field. Large Cheese.

Radish.—Red Turnip Rooted, Early Short Top Long Scarlet, White Turnip Rooted, Yellow Turnip.

Rhubarb.—Early Tobolsk, Myatt's Victoria.

Salsify, or Vegetable Oyster.

Squash.—Early Yellow Bush Scollop, Early Bush Summer Crookneck, Fall, or Winter Crookneck, Lima Cocoanut, Sweet Potatoe.

Tomato.—Large Red, J. R. & Co. Extra Large Red, Round Smooth Red, Large Yellow.

Turnip.—Early Flat Dutch, or Spring, Large English Norfolk, Large White Globe, Large White Flat, Early Yellow Dutch, Early Yellow Russian, best known for winter use, Yellow Globe, sweet.

Ruta Baga.—Purple Top, Skirving's Liverpool.

Sweet Herbs &c.—Sage, Summer Savory, Sweet Majoram, Thyme, Lavender, Rosemary, Lemon Balm, Red Onion Setts, Yellow Onion Setts.

Jan. 25th., 1859. (4::2m.)

PROSPECTUS OF THE
N. C. JOURNAL OF EDUCATION
FOR 1859.

THE SECOND VOLUME OF THE JOURNAL will commence with the next year, and the first number will be issued about the middle of January. It will be published monthly, and each number will contain not less than thirty-two pages of reading matter.

The Journal will be neatly printed, on fine paper and in a style fully equal to the present volume; the aim of those who have charge of it will be to make it a valuable auxiliary in the cause of education

It is the property and organ of the State Educational Association and under its control. Through its pages the General Superintendent of Common Schools will communicate with the School officers and teachers of the State.

Articles are solicited from teahers and other friends of education—

TERMS
(Invariably in Advance)

FIVE COPIES, or more, ordered at one time, or to one address ONE DOLLAR each per annum

Additional copies at the same rate.

Single copy.....$2.00

All Teachers and school officers are requested to act as agents.

Journal and Times,.....$3

The Teacher who sends us the largest number of subscribers (not less than thirty) before the first of January, will be entitled to half a page of advertising for the year; The one sending the next largest number will be entitled to the fourth of a page: And each one sending 25 or more will be entitled to a card, not exceeding eight lines.

☞ *All communications should be addressed to* J. D. CAMPBELL *Resident Editor, Greensboro', N. C.*

LIQUORS:—WHISKIES, Brandies, Wines, Gin, Porter, Ale, Lager Beer, and Cider-Royal of warranted qualities, wholesale and retail, at the old stand of Rankin & McLean, by W. S. CLARK.
Greensboro, Jan. 1. 1859.

A VIRGINIA LADY is desirous of obtaining a situation in some College or High School, as principal or an assistant teacher in the Department of Music. She has had unlimited opportunities, and flatters herself that she can give entire satisfaction.

If wanted can also instruct in Wax Fruit, Grecian and Oriental Painting. Address,
Miss ALPHA BETA,
Horse Pasture, Henry Co., Va.
Feb. 1859. 6-tf.

DR. BAAKEE

TREATS ALL DISEASES FREE OF CHARGE. DR. BAAKEE will also give special attention to the following diseases:—Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Croup, Influenza, Asthma, Bronchitis and all other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. He will devote particular attention to the treatment of all skin diseases—Lumbago, Scrofula, Rheumatism, (acute and Chronic,) Neuralgia, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Dispepsia, Piles and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels; and also, all Chronic Female Diseases, and cures all diseases of the EYE AND EAR. Without the use of Knife or Needle, and he has constantly on hand an excellent assortment of beautiful ARTIFICIAL EYES, and TYMPANUMS or (ear drums,) suitable for either sex and all ages—inserted in five minutes.

DR. BAAKEE has made a new discovery of a Fluid that will produce perfect absorption of the cataract, and restore perfect vision to the Eye, without the use of the knife. DR. BAAKEE can produce one thousand certificates of his perfect success of curing Cancer. Old Sores or Ulcers, Fistula, Swellings or Tumors of every description, and without the use of the knife. Special arrangements must be made with Dr. BAAKEE for the last named diseases, as they will require his constant advice and attention. DR. BAAKEE is one of the most skilful and celebrated Physicians and Surgeons now living. His fame is known personally in every principal city of the World. All letters directed to DR. BAAKEE, (inclosing ten cents,) from any distance, correctly stating the nature of the disease, shall be promptly answered, and the patients treated by correspondence FREE OF CHARGE.

☞ Office Hours, from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M.
DR. BAAKEE.

Office, No. 74 Lexington street, between Charles and Liberty streets, Baltimore, Md.
1-1y.

FEMALE NORMAL SCHOOL,
High Point, N. C. Railroad, 15 miles West of Greensborough.
Rev. N. McRAY, *Principal,* with efficient assistants.

The object of this Institution is to provide for the thorough education of Young Ladies, and as an additional feature, to qualify such of them as may desire it for the avocation of teaching. Its next session will open on the 1st of February, in the new Brick Building recently purchased by the undersigned. The building is situated in a beautiful grove, on a commanding eminence, and a sufficient number of well-furnished rooms to accommodate 100 boarding pupils. We have made arrangements for lectures, experiments and instruction in Natural Sciences, with L. S. Burbank, A. M., formerly associated with Prof. Wm. Russel, in the New England Normal Institute, and more recently Professor of Natural Science in a Southern College. High Point is 943 feet above the level of the sea. The experience of ages has demonstrated the wisdom of educating in elevated and healthy sections of country. The expenses are less than at any other institution of the character in the State. Board, and furnished rooms with fire-places, fuel, &c., $6 per month. English Branches $6 to $15 per session. Languages and ornamentals low. Board and half the tuition required in advance. The proprietor, Teachers and Pupils dwell together, and eat at the same table.

☞ 30 Young Ladies will be received and credited for Tuition until they can teach and pay it. Situations guarantied to such.

For full information, address,
REV. WM. I. LANGDON, *Proprietor.*
Jan. 20, '59. High Point, N. C.

WHY DO YE SUFFER WITH CANCERS, ASTHMA, SCROFULA, or any SKIN DISEASE, when it is in your power to be speedily and effectually cured? Having treated many very bad cases—some which were given up as hopeless, by those not knowing my remedies—I have no hesitancy in saying *I can cure any one of the above diseases in a very short time.* Seeing is believing, and if any one is credulous, I can produce a number of certificates from some of the first men in this and the adjoining States.

Address, WM. E. EDWARDS,
Greensboro, N. C.

And calls will be made or Medicine sent by mail, at your option.

He is also in possession of a plain and simple art, by which the worst cases of STUTTERING and STAMMERING can be cured in a very short time.

☞ The afflicted would do well to write him, and describe their case.

$50.00 SEWING MACHINES.—The QUAKER CITY SEWING MACHINE Works with two threads, making a double lock stitch, which will not rip or ravel, even if every fourth stitch be cut. It sews equally as well, the coarsest Linsey, or the finest Muslin, and is undeniably the best machine in market. Merchant Tailors, Mantua Makers and House Keepers, are invited to call and examine for themselves.

Mr. P. A. Wilson, Merchant Tailor, Winston, N. C., having tried other machines, buys one of the Quaker City, and pronounces it far better than any before in use.

All persons wishing to secure the agency for the sale of the Quaker City machine, in any of the towns of North-Carolina, except in the county of Wake which is secured to Messrs. Tucker & Co., of Raleigh, and the county of Forsythe, taken by P. A. Wilson, of Winston, should apply soon to the undersigned, agents for the State. We will pay a reasonable per cent. to all persons taking agencies.

J. & F. GARRETT, Agents.
Gseensboro, N. C., Feb. 2nd., 1859.

To Contractors.

Proposals will be received until Saturday the 19th March for the erection of barracks for the HILLSBOROUGH MILITARY ACADEMY. The building will be of brick, 214 feet long and three stories high. The plans and specifications may be seen at the office of the Architect John A. Ray, Esq., Columbia, S. C., or during the afternoon at the residence of the Superintendent af the Academy, Col C. C. Tew, Hillsboro, to whom all communications will be addressed.

The Superintendent does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any estimate.

Hillsboro, N. C., Feb. 17th, '59. (8:3w)

THE LIVER
INVIGORATOR!
PREPARED BY DR. SANFORD,
Compounded entirely from GUMS,

IS ONE OF THE BEST PURGATIVE AND LIVER MEDICINES now before the public, that acts as a *Cathartic,* easier, milder, and more effectual than any other medicine known. It is not only a *Cathartic,* but a *Liver* remedy, acting first on the *Liver* to eject its morbid matter, then on the stomach and bowels to carry off that matter, thus accomplishing two purposes effectually, without any of the painful feelings experienced in the operations of most *Cathartics.* It strengthens the system at the same time that it purges it; and when taken daily in moderate doses, will strengthen and build it up with unusual rapidity.

The Liver is one of the principal regulators of the human body; and when it performs its functions well, fully developed. The *stomach* the powers of the system are on the healthy action of the almost entirely dependent *Liver* for the proper performance of its functions; when the stomach is at fault, the bowels are at fault, and the whole system suffers in consequence system suffers in consequence of the *Liver*—the having ceased to do its duty. For the diseases of that organ, one of the proprietors has made it his study, in a practice of more than twenty years, to find some remedy where with to counteract the many derangements to which it is liable.

To prove that this remedy is at last found, any person troubled with **Liver Com-plaint,** in any of its forms, has but to try a bottle, and conviction is certain.

These Gums remove all morbid or bad matter from the system, supplying in their place a healthy flow of bile, invigorating the stomach, causing food to digest well, **purifying the blood,** giving tone and health to whole machinery, removing the cause of the disease—effecting a radical cure.

Bilious attacks are cured, **and, what is better, prevented,** by the occasional use of the **Liver Invigorator.**

One dose after eating is sufficient to relieve the stomach and prevent the food from rising and souring.

Only one dose taken before retiring, prevents **Nightmare.**

Only one dose taken at night, loosens the bowels gently, and cures **Costiveness.**

One dose taken after each meal will cure **Dyspepsia**

☞ One dose of two teaspoonfuls will always relieve **Sick Headache.**

One bottle taken for female obstruction removes the cause of the disease, and makes a perfect cure.

Only one dose immediately relieves **Cholic,** while One dose often repeated is a sure cure for **Cholera** or **Morbus,** and a preventive of **Cholera.**

☞ Only one bottle is needed to throw out of the system the effects of mediate after a long sickness.

☞ One bottle taken for **Jaundice** removes all sallowness or unnatural color from the skin.

One dose taken a short time before eating gives vigor to the appetite, and makes food digest well.

One dose often repeated cures **Chronic Diarrhœa** in its worst forms, while **Bowel** complaints yield **Summer** and almost to the first dose.

One or two doses cures attacks caused by **Worms** in Children: there is no surer, safer, or speedier remedy in the world, as it *never fails.*

☞ A few bottles cures **Dropsy,** by exciting the absorbents.

We take pleasure in recommending this medicine as a preventive for **Fever and Ague, Chill Fever,** and all **Fevers** of a **Bilious Type.** It operates with certainty, and thousands are willing to testify to its wonderful virtues.

All who use it are giving their unanimous testimony in its favor.

☞ **Mix Water in the mouth with the Invigorator, and swallow both together.**

THE LIVER INVIGORATOR

IS A SCIENTIFIC MEDICAL DISCOVERY, and its daily working cures, almost too great to believe. It cures as if by magic, *even the first dose giving benefit,* and seldom more than one bottle is required to cure any kind of **Liver** Complaint, from the worst *Jaundice* or *Dyspepsia* to a common *Headache,* all of which are the result of a **Diseased Liver.**

PRICE ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE.

SANFORD & Co., Proprietors, 345 Broadway, New York.

Wholesale Agents:

BARNES & PARK, New York; T. W. DYOTT & SONS, Philadelphia; M. S. BURR & Co., Boston; H. H. HAY & Co., Portland; JOHN D. PARK, Cincinnati; GAYLORD & HAMMOND, Cleveland; FAHNESTOCK & DAVIS, Chicago; O. J. WOOD & Co., St. Louis; GEORGE H. KEYSER, Pittsburgh; S. S. HONCK, Baltimore. And retailed by all Druggists. *Sold also by*

115:1y T. J. PATRICK, Greensboro.

HOWARD ASSOCIATION, Philadelphia.—A Benevolent Institution, established by special endowment for the relief of the sick and distressed, afflicted with Virulent and Epidemic diseases.

To all persons afflicted with Sexual Diseases, such as Spermatorrhœa, Seminal Weakness, Imporence. Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Syphilis, the Vice of Onanism, or self abuse, &c., &c

The Howtrd Association, in view of the awful destruction of human life, caused by Sexual diseases, and the deceptions practised upon the unfortunate victims of such diseases by Quacks, several years ago directed their Consulting Surgeon, as a CHARITABLE ACT worthy of their name, to open a Dispensary for the treatment of this class of diseases, in all their forms, and to give MEDICAL ADVICE GRATIS, to all who apply by letter, with a description of their condition, (age, occupation, habits of life, &c.,) and in cases of extreme poverty, to FURNISH MEDICINES FREE OF CHARGE. It is needless to add that the Association commands the highest Medical skill of the age, and will furnish the most approved modern treatment.

The Directors, on a review of the past, feel assured that their labors in this sphere of benevolent effort, have been of great benefit to the afflicted, especially to the young, and they have resolved to devote themselves, with renewed zeal, to this very important but much despised cause.

Just Published by the Association, a Report on Spermatorrhœa, or Seminal Weakness, the Vice of Onanism, Masturbation or a Self-Abuse, and other Diseases of the Sexual Organs, by the Consulting Surgeon, which will be sent by mail, (in a sealed letter envelope,) FREE OF CHARGE, on receipt of TWO STAMPS for postage.

Address, for Report on treatment, Dr. GEO. R. CALHOUN, Consulting Surgeon, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. By order of the Directors.

EZRA D. HEARTWELL, *Pres.*
GEO. FAIRCHILD, *Sec.*
March, 1858. 113-1 y.

℞ **The Poetry of Physic.**

AYER'S PILLS, glide sugar-shod over the palate, but their energy, although wrapped up, is *there,* and tells with giant force on the very foundation of disease. There are thousands of sufferers who would not wear their distempers if they knew they could be cured for 25 cts. Try Ayer's Pills, and you will know it.

Purify the blood and disease be starved out.

Cleanse the system from impurities and you are cured already.

Take this best of all Purgatives, and Scrofula, Indigestion, Weakness, Headache, Backache, Sideache, Jaundice, Rheumatism, derangements of the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, all derangements and all diseases which a purgative remedy can reach, fly before them like darkness before the Sun.

Reader, if you are suffering from any of the numerous complaints they cure—suffer no more—the remedy has been provided for you, and it is criminal to neglect it.

That *Ayer's Cherry Pectoral* is the best medicine for a Cough, is known to the whole world, and that *Ayer's Pills* are the best of all Pills, is known to those who have used them.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass. and sold by PORTER & GORRELL, Greensboro; Williams & Haywood, Faleigh; S. J. Hinsdale, Fayetteville; O. A. Bradley, Wilmington; Purcell, Laud & Co., Richmond and all druggists. 7:2m

HOLTON'S OINTMENT,
An Infallible Remedy, for Bone Fellons,
and
For the cure of burns, biles, sprains and bruises and for old and running sores of all sorts, either on man or beast. For sale at the Drug Store of
W. C. PORTER.

Blank Warrants—For sale at this Office

Children's Department.

EDITED BY W. R. HUNTER.

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

"SHOW YOUR COLORS."

My young Friends:—I trust some of you were interested in the brief account given, in the last number of the Times, of the Lee Avenue Sunday School, and as I hope many of my youthful readers are soldiers of the cross, under the lead of the great captain of salvation I have thought, perhaps, you would find something of interest in the following incident, related in the Lee Avenue Sunday School Casket. May all of you, who have enlisted in the Army of God, thus feel it a duty, as did this young man, to

"SHOW YOUR COLORS."

Some weeks ago the papers contained notices of the death, by drowning, of young Laurens Hamilton, of the Seventh Regiment, while escorting the remains of Ex-President Monroe to Virginia.

No hand was stretched to save him; no eye saw him sink; nor in the crowded boat and excitement of a night return, was he even missed, until a telegraphic dispatch to his regiment, stated that the body of a soldier was found in James River! Rarely has more sympathy and complimentary tribute, from persons of all ages, been rendered to a mere private individual than immediately followed this announcement—due, perhaps, to his young career, so suddenly cut short, partly to his historic name, near the very ground where his grandfather had distinguished himself at the siege of Yorktown. But among the strangers who mourned his early death, few knew the really great and lovable qualities of this earnest, simple-minded young Christian soldier. Although he was fortunate enough to be brought up by a good and pious mother, yet his position was one, which usually attracts the hearts of the young to the world. His father, a man of wealth and fashion, Laurens was surrounded by scenes of gaiety, where his genial temper, and mirthful disposition, made him as welcome and courted in every gathering, as his kind heart and manly nature rendered him beloved, wherever sympathy was required, or kindness to be bestowed. Less than a year before his death, his mind became deeply interested in religious subjects, and with a young sister, one year older than himself, he became on Easter Sunday last, a member of Dr. Muhlenberg's church. He was not a man to do any thing by halves, and his earnest love for the Savior drew forth all that was beautiful in his nature; it was the cheerful service of a loving son, but so modest and real, that it was only after his death that all his devotion to his Master's cause was known even to his family, and that the acts done in secret were brought to light; not that he concealed any thing but his own good deeds. He gloried in the faith which was the light of his life, and his service was one of loving action. In an earnest conversation with one of his young companions in arms, when pressing on him the duty to enlist on the Savior's side, he told him not to hide his religious feeling as a mere sentiment, but to "show his colors," &c. He became treasurer to St. Lake's Charitable Hospital, and many clergymen who had been brought into contact with him there, related afterwards to his family, his zeal, his devotion to the hospital, for which he always found time, (although an excellent business man, and much valued by those connected with him,) and of the great affection felt for him by all the sick and poor in the hospital, whose faces brightened as he appeared, always with a kind and cheering word as welcome there as among the gay.

Two days after his death, on Sunday morning, when his mother had come to New-York to receive his remains from Richmond, she was told that a little boy had asked to see her, and on receiving him, he stated to her, that he was one of eight boys of Mr. Hamilton's Sunday school class, who were waiting at the door. They had heard of her sorrow, and had come to express their sympathy; had brought the books he had given them, and remembered for her their teacher's kind words and earnest labors for their souls. We may imagine the balm to that mother's heart, from this tribute to his memory.

She was awaiting the mortal remains of her son; his good deeds preceded them and her own loving heart told her how they would be received by his Heavenly Father, whose "little ones" he had labored for. God's ways are dark to us; but it may be that his early death will have impressed upon their young hearts the bright example he has left them, as well the young men with whom he was a favorite. He may have lived to show them that God's army is not all filled with the sad, the heavy-hearted, and the weary of life; but that the young, the happy and the prosperous may offer the best days of their life, and be His chosen soldiers, and that many may be gathered to His cause when one true heart does not hesitate to "show his colors."

THE CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

Who is this gigantic foe
That proudly stalks along;
Overlooks the crowd below,
In brazen armor strong?

Loudly of his strength he boasts;
On his sword and spear relies;
Meets the God of Isreal's hosts,
And all their force defies.

Tallest of the earth-born race
They tremble at his power;
Flee before the monsters face,
And own him conqueror.

Who this mighty champion is,
Nature answers from within;
He is my own wickedness,
My own besetting sin.

In the strength of Jesus' name,
I wish the monster fight,
Feeble and unarmed I am,
But Jesus is my might:

Mindful of his mercies past,
Still I trust the same to prove;
Still my Helpless soul I cast
On his redeeming love.

Rise! ye men of Isreal, rise,
Your routed foe persue;
Shout his praises to the skies
Who conquers sin for you:

Jesus doth for you appear,
He his conquering grace affords;
Saves you, not with sword and spear—
The battle is the Lord's!

Isreal's God, let all below
Conq'ror over sin proclaim;
O that all the earth might know
The power of Jesus' name!

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

The Heart's Shrine.

BY GEORGE G. SMALL.

Each human heart hath some sacred spot
On which it loves to dwell,
Some shrine that can never be forgot—
E'en age cannot dispel.

Some object, 'round which memories cling
Like vines to ruined walls,
And as they tread, olden echoes spring
From out the funeral palls.

Some phase of the past will ever stand
A temple where the soul,
Plucks from its altar a burning brand
To light life's checkered scroll.

Some blighted hope may enshrouded lay
Deep in the dark cold earth,
And where once shone that dear idol ray
Reigns now a silent dearth.

If our earth were stripped of tinseled joys
And shackled hearts set free,
Of ills that its finer sense destroys
Then toward its shrine 'twould flee.

But He who well made and fashioned us
For youth and for old age,
Willed that at times, we to these heart shrines
Should make a pilgrimage.

A Good Home Paper.—*The Times*, comes to us in a new dress, and having thrown off a handsome *folio*, has assumed in its stead a most beautiful *quarto*. From the beginning the Times has ranked, as a *family* paper, high in the *comparative*; it stands now, high in the *superlative*; and, is in every respect, worthy of an extensive circulation. As a home paper, we are sure, it is equal to any paper of the kind that can be obtained in the North. It is replete with articles of an instructive, moral, and elevated character, instead of being filled with nothing but thrilling romances, abductions, murders, and high-way robberies, as is too much the case, with many misnamed *family* papers.—*Dem. (Ala.) Watchtower.*

Now tell the difference between your grannie and your granary. One is your born kin and the other your corn-bin.

If cheese comes after meat, what comes after cheese? Ans.—A mouse.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

CULLED AND ARRANGED FOR THE "TIMES."

An immense store of rich knowledge is afloat in the world, scattered in paragraphs and odd corners of nearly every monthly, weekly and daily periodical; and which, if collected together, culled and properly arranged, would form a column of useful information, invaluable to the man of science, the professional artist, the mechanic, the farmer, and the house keeper.

Infallible Rules for Measuring Corn in the Crib.—If Measured in feet:

1st. *Shucked Corn.*—Measure the length width and depth of the crib in feet; multiply these three dimensions together and their products by 8, then cut off two figures to the right; those on the left will be so many barrels, and those cut off, so many hundredths of a barrel.

2d. *Unshucked Corn.*—Multiply the three dimensions in feet, as in rule 1st, and their product by 5; cut off two figures to the right, and the result will be barrels and hundredths, as in rule first.

If measured in inches:

3d. *Shucked Corn.*—Take the dimensions in inches and multiply them together; take one half of the product and divide it by 2150, and you have the bushels of shelled corn which divide by 5 to reduce to barrels.

4th. *Unshucked Corn.*—Multiply the dimensions as in rule 3d, and then take one third of their product, and divide it by 2150, the result will be as in rule 3d.

Suicidal Women.—Unwise above many is the man who considers every hour lost which is not spent in reading, writing, or in study; and not more rational is she who thinks every moment of her time lost which does not find her sewing.

We once heard a great man advise that a book of some kind be carried in the pocket to be used in case of any unoccupied moment. Such was his practice. He died early and fatuitous!

There are women who, after a hard day's work will sit and sew by candle or gas light until their eyes are almost blinded, or until certain pains about the shoulders come on which are almost insupportable, and are only driven to bed by a physical incapacity to work any longer.—The sleep of the overworked, like that of those who do not work at all, is unsatisfying and unrefreshing, and both alike wake up in weariness, sadness and languor, with an inevitable result, both dying prematurely.

Let no one work in pain or weariness. When a man is tired he ought to lie down until he is most fully rested, when with renovated strength the work will be better done, done the sooner, done with a self-sustaining alacrity.

The time taken from seven or eight hour's sleep out of each twenty-four is time not gained, but time more than lost; we can cheat ourselves, but we cannot cheat nature. A certain amount of food is necessary to a healthful body, and if less than that amount be furnished, decay commences the very hour. It is the same with sleep, and any one who persists in allowing himself less than nature requires, will only hasten his arrival at the madhouse or the grave.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

Mushrooms.—These are ordinarily prepared and served as an oyster stew.—They are also broiled, by placing them on a gridiron, the stem up, over a bright fire, and serve with butter, pepper and salt.—The genuine mushroom is a fine article for food, but is apt to be confounded with a poisonous toadstool. The gills of the true mushrooms are of a fine pink or flesh color, and pleasant to the smell, while the toad stool is dark, slimy to the touch, and of an offensive smell.

Rotation of Crops.—The beneficial results of rotation of crops, is based on two assumptions—one is, that all plants draw from the soil food peculiar to themselves, and by repitition exhaust the soil of this their peculiar food. The other is, that all plants secrete by their roots, and the accumulation of this excreant in the soil, becomes hurtful to the plant throwing it off, but may serve to nourish other and different plants.

To Cure Bruises.—Perhaps nothing is so good for a bruise as tincture of arnica. Bathe the parts with the tincture frequently, and the discoloration will be speedily removed, and the soreness greatly relieved, and healing promoted.

Burns.—The exceeding pain of a fresh burn can be speedily removed, by applying molasses to the part burned, and binding over it plenty of dry wheat flour. The molasses causes the flour to adhere, and thus excludes the air, which relieves the pain. This simple remedy would relieve a great deal of suffering.

To Preserve Eggs.—Eggs are perfectly preserved for months, by putting them in corn meal, and setting away in a cool cellar. No other method is so effectual.

Cure for Corns.—One teaspoonful of tar, one of coarse brown sugar, and one of saltpetre. The whole to be warmed together. Spread it on kid leather the size of the corns, and in two days they will be drawn out.

Salad for the Solitary.

Wit is brush-wood, Judgment timber: the one gives the greatest Flame, the other yields the durablest Heat; and both meeting make the best Fire.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Answer to Puzzle of last weeks, to plant 19 trees in 9 rows, 5 trees in each row. Draw two equilatteral triangle inverted, the one upon the other, and join their opposite angles by drawing through the centre three straight lines.

Sut Lovengood and the Locomotive.—The first locomotive Sut ever saw, was standing with steam up, and nearly ready to go, making no noise save a suppressed humming from the safety valve. Sut had, in his skeery, cautious way, clambered to the top of the tender to find out "what sort ove a beastes" it was, when the engineer slyly gave the whistle lever a long pull—shay-y-y! Sut lit twenty feet distant on a pile of cord-wood, and after running until he got straightened up, he turned round all eyes, and said,

"What in the deuce *did* you do tu it, mister?"

Just at this moment a negro came trundling a truck, with a cooking stove, a joint of pipe on the flue hole, and pots and pans hanging all round. Sut took a lood first at the stove and then at the locomotive: a light broke out over his perplexity, and he shouted to the engineer:—

"Oh, yes, I understands it all now; *the darned old brute was jist a nickerin' for her colt!*"

It is very much the habit of certain people to sneer at puns. Are they such a very contemptible thing after all? Take these for instance; old but good we think. Dr. Holmes (the Autocrat) being asked to the annual supper of the Harvard hasty pudding club, excused himself on account of his engagements at his own farm, where he was occupied in cultivating Indian Corn. So he sent this toast: "Corn fed boys and corn fed girls—the best materials for perpetuating this glorious corn-federation."

And here's the other:

The President of a certain college was getting too old to fill his chair with the greatest advanage to the institution, but the old gentleman "held on:" nothing would induce him to resign: so at a college supper a wag gave the following toast: "President ——! endowed with every virtue but that of *resignation*."

Every body has heard this, "Why need not a man starve in a desert?" and before you have fairly read it the answer comes from the other side of the table—"Because of the sand-which-is there." Very good! Now ask your fair opposite how they come there? and after she has puzzled her brain long enough, tell her that *Ham* and his descendants, were *bread* and *mustard* there.

From Thomas Tusser:—

"Except win latands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good."

From the Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry:—

"At Christmas play and make good cheer,
For Christmas comes but once a year."

"Look ere thou leap, see ere thou go."

From Lord Brooke:—

"And out of mind as soon as out of sight."

"Why do you carve such small slices?" said a friend to that "old school gentleman," Col. P——. "That I may have the pleasure of helping my guests the oftener," was the corteous reply.

"Sir," said a woman to a loafer, "if you do not send home my husband's clothes, I will expose you." "If I do I shall expose myself," was the cool reply.

The Albion, in speaking of the sad fate of the two English ladies who recently lost their lives by their dresses taking fire says they were "burnt offerings to the Moloch of fashion."

A glutton of a fellow who was dining at a hotel, in the course of the battle of knifes and forks, accidently cut his mouth, which was observed by a Yankee opposite, who bawled out—"I say, Mister, don't make that hole in your countenance any larger, or we shall all starve."

A young lawyer of Philadelphia wrote to an old limb near Chicago, thus, "Is there an opening in your part of the country that I can get into?" Answer, "there is an opening in my back yard, about thirty feet deep, no curb around it. If it will suit come on."

"Are you looking for any one in particular?" as the rat said when he saw the cat watching him.

"What makes you look so glum, Tom?" "Oh, I have had to endure a sad trial to my feelings." "What on earth was it?" "Why, I had to tie on a pretty girl's bonnet while her ma' was looking on."

Why are chicken's necks like door bells? Ans.—Because they are often wrung for company.

Why is a flea like a railway? Ans.—Because it travels over sleepers.

Why is a lover like a tailor? Ans.—Because he presses his suit.

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Nov., 58. 6—1y.

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